

# THE MONTH

## A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



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*"The Month" and John Henry Newman.*

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III. 1868—1871.

WITH the beginning of the year 1868 we find in Dr. Newman's correspondence, after an interruption of a full twelvemonth, various letters which fall within our scope as having reference to *THE MONTH*, and from this point onwards, although his mention of it is never so frequent as at an earlier period, he introduces subjects certainly not of less interest than those already presented. Without further preamble we proceed with his communications.

The Oratory B<sup>m</sup>

Jan<sup>y</sup> 12, 1868.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

I wish I could promise you to undertake Mr. Farrar's book—but I am quite out of the subject, not having thought of it for years, and not knowing the progress of thought (right or wrong) which has been made in the public mind. I suppose all my axioms would have to be proved, as old world's prejudices and assumptions.

I have been several times going to write to you to express my pleasure at the tone of the recent numbers of *The Month*—and also to thank you personally for your kind notices of myself.

As to my Verses, I suppose *The Month* copy was sent to you. I gave no other orders. Those Verses "My Lady Nature" are mine. Now that you have mentioned them, I am almost sorry I have not included them—but I had two difficulties. 1. I thought they would scandalize some people, as too light for a greyheaded man and a priest, and 2. the last stanza was obscure—and I did not know how, without rewriting, to set it right.

Very sincerely yours in Xt.

JOHN H. NEWMAN

of the Oratory.

Although we have no definite information as to the particular work of the present Dean of Canterbury which Dr. Newman had been asked to review for THE MONTH, there would seem to be little doubt that it must have been the collection of *Essays on a Liberal Education*, by various hands edited by Mr. Farrar, then an assistant-master at Harrow; the Editor contributing the fifth amongst the nine papers which the volume contained, *On Greek and Latin Verse-Composition as a General Branch of Education*. The book attracted considerable attention on account of what was then considered the almost revolutionary character of the changes which it advocated.

The other reference is to Dr. Newman's *Verses on Various Occasions*, published at this time. Father Coleridge had evidently already seen the book and expressed regret at the omission of a poem which he remembered. In consequence of his representations and those of others, this piece found a place in subsequent editions, in which, as having been written in February, 1829, and the arrangement being chronological, it stands tenth. Dr. Newman's book was reviewed in THE MONTH for February, and as may be judged from a passage of the following letter, in very favourable terms.

The said letter, however, first introduces a topic of quite another kind. In his *Apologia*, nearly four years previously, speaking of the manner in which the idea of the Anglican Establishment as the Church of God, so long paramount, "simply, disappeared" from his mind, upon his conversion, Dr. Newman had said: "As to its possession of an episcopal succession from the time of the Apostles, well, it may have it, and if the Holy See ever so decided, I will believe it, as being the decision of a higher judgment than my own; but, for myself, I must have St. Philip's gift, who saw the sacerdotal character on the forehead of a gaily attired youngster, before I can by my own wit acquiesce in it, for antiquarian arguments are altogether unequal to the urgency of visible facts." A fuller explanation of his meaning in this passage seems to have been asked of him, and to have elicited the following.

The Oratory B<sup>m</sup>  
Feb<sup>y</sup> 6, 1868.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

As to my view of Anglican Orders, I cannot *conceive* that they are valid—but I could not *swear* they are not. I should be most uncommonly surprised, if they were It would

require the Pope *ex cathedra* to convince me. I would not believe in them, if you or a hundred Fathers of the Society guaranteed their validity, though of course it would be a remarkable fact; but nothing but the Church's acting on it would convince me. I don't think the Church ever will act upon it. And for this reason, that, putting them at the best advantage they are doubtful, and the Church ever goes by what is safe. How do I even know that all the Anglican Bishops who continued the succession had received valid Baptism? What can I, what need I, say more? It is difficult to prove a negative—but it is not for us to prove that the Anglican Orders are not valid, but for them to prove that they are. I don't think they will ever be able to prove this.

I have not written to you since the critique of my Verses in *The Month*. I think I must find some ring of Polycrates, to make a sacrifice to fortune, else some Nemesis will come on me. I am bound to read the various critiques on me, for they are written by kind persons, who wish to do a thing pleasing to me, and whom I should be very ungrateful not to respond to—and they do please me—but I have been so little used to praise in my life, that I feel like the good woman in the song "O, cried the little woman, sure it is not I?"<sup>1</sup>

Do you know, if it comes to a second edition, I think of inserting "My Lady Nature" which you spoke of. My friends here wish it.

Yours most sincerely,  
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The argument concerning Anglican Orders, hinted at rather than stated in this letter, was developed in another, to the same correspondent, written on the 5th of August following, and out of it ultimately grew an important section of the famous Note in which Dr. Newman replied to his own former argument for the Catholicity of the Anglican Church.<sup>2</sup> It is to the amplified form of the letter that the following refers.

<sup>1</sup> This is a snatch from an old nursery-rhyme, "There was an old woman, as I've heard tell, she went to market her eggs for to sell."

Father Coleridge observes, "The passage about 'The little woman' is most characteristic."

<sup>2</sup> *Essays Critical and Historical*, vol. ii.

The Oratory B<sup>m</sup>

Aug<sup>st</sup> 7 /68.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

I have no objection to my letter's being published, but I should like to see it in proof and should wish you to say if you want any thing altered or omitted. I shall have pleasure in seeing your article, if you have time to send it me.

Most truly yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN

of the Oratory.

The Oratory B<sup>m</sup>

Aug. 13, 1868.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

I should be *very sorry* if my letter about the London University appeared. It was written to show privately. Then Serj<sup>t</sup>. Bellasis wished it sent to the *Times*. I consented *because* he wished it. The *Times* would not insert it. I have no call to put myself forward in such a matter. I have never recognized, I have never endured, the London University. I inclose a letter to Bellasis (which be so good as to direct) telling him how aware I am to the letter being published.

I have corrected and return my letter on Anglican Orders. I am sorry to make so many corrections, but I hope you will allow them.

And I return your own article. It is clear, forcible, and good. Its fault is that it is too short. It ought to receive an answer, but I suppose it won't.

Most sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

As to the first part of the above, it may be noted that the London University had recently annoyed the heads of Catholic Schools, of which many were obliged to frequent its examinations, by the character of the books which they were compelled by its selection to read, on which subject Dr. Newman, amongst others, had made vigorous remonstrances.

Father Coleridge's "own article," of which mention is made, was one for the September MONTH entitled *Anglican Sacerdotalism*, to which Newman's letter was appended. Proofs were, as in other instances, sent to Birmingham.

The Oratory B<sup>m</sup>

Aug. 20, 1868.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

I quite understand your kind reason for wishing me to see the Article on Anglican Orders, and I don't think that anything you say in it will be thought mine *in sentiment* by Dr. Pusey, though my letter follows.

As I said, I think it a forcible article, and *not* unfair to Pusey, and only two short—and it demands an answer.

Most sincerely yours

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The letter on Anglican Orders, having thus appeared, gave rise to a further correspondence of some interest, of which we now hear.

Rednall

Sept. 17 /68.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

An Anglican clergyman has written me an answer to my letter to you—and wishes to publish my letter in answer to him, with his.

Are you disposed to have them both for *The Month*? Unless you can get them in in October, I don't suppose you will think it worth your while. For he will anticipate you.

Direct to me at the Oratory.

Most sincerely yours

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

It was luckily found possible to publish the correspondence in the October number. The Anglican clergyman proved to be no other than T. W. Mossman, who not long afterwards testified to his abandonment of the Anglican position by forming one of the trio who sought Episcopal consecration at the hands of a schismatical prelate whose Orders were not disputed. Subsequently, on his death-bed, he was reconciled to the Catholic Church.

The next letter is characteristic, but we have no clue as to the particular slander by which it was occasioned.

The Oratory  
Oct. 29 /68.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

Fr. Ryder has shown me your letter. I need hardly tell you the report about my behaviour at Littlemore is false from beginning to end.

But I cannot deny it in print, till it gets into print—Else *qui s'excuse, s'accuse*. Moreover, it will have the effect of lugging in a sort of gratuitous insult to my Anglican friends, after the manner of the story of a gun—which, being a good story, the teller brought into all dinner parties, by saying "Hark! did you not hear a gun go off? Well, whether or no, talking of a gun, I recollect, &c. &c." Then came the story.

If I had not said too many words to you on the subject already, I should add that, if I set a precedent of answering before accused, I should have to write infinite letters, and should become "querulous for ever"—and this would be *infra dig*.<sup>1</sup>

In our previous sketch of the career of THE MONTH, we remarked that the metamorphosis which it underwent a little later than the period at which we have arrived, when it increased its bulk and cut down its appearances to every other month, seems to indicate that there was an idea of altering its character by approaching that of a Quarterly Magazine. That something of the kind was under consideration is pretty clear.

The Oratory,  
May 2 /69.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

Thank you for the kindness of your confidential letter; but I reflect, what can my opinion be worth? I have hardly ever seen the *Contemporary*—and don't know how things go on in the periodical world. A theological review would be a great gain—whether it would pay is another matter. Thirty years ago, the *British Critic*, a quarterly, selling 1200, did not pay. The *Christian Remembrancer* has lately stopped, a first-rate review in its way. A Catholic Review would not be likely to sell better than these Anglican ones.

But the Jesuits could supply an abundance of articles, and without being paid for them, and a wealthy Society could bear

<sup>1</sup> The signature has been cut out.

a pecuniary loss. I have by me a calculation of a printer, many years back, which makes the printing of a Quarterly with paper £300 a year.

Names would increase the interest of the publication greatly.

There is no chance of my taking part in such a publication. I have so much to do already—and though I am very well, I am soon overset by a spell of reading or writing.

I have no sympathy with an intolerant English *Civiltà*.<sup>1</sup>

Ever yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The London University question crops up again, and although we obtain no enlightenment as to what it precisely was, an instructive example is afforded of that absolute fairness to opponents which Dr. Newman so scrupulously studied.

The Oratory Bm

June 2, 1869.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

Serjeant Bellasis has mentioned to me your suggestion about some sentences of mine in my Letter to him about the L.U. I hope you will not think it ungracious in me, but I do not see my way to come into it. I am very angry with the London Univ<sup>y</sup> and dislike it intensely, but those feelings do not extend to its members—and the persons before whom my letters came treated me with great civility—and actually made an alteration in their established examination for Matriculation in consequence of what I said about it. They did not do all I wished, but they did enough to make me feel grateful to them—and I should not like to publish against them any part of a letter, which in a way was private and became their own property by being sent to them.

Don't think me unmindful of you but believe me to be

Very sincerely yours

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

<sup>1</sup> As is constantly manifest in his correspondence of the period, Dr. Newman held very strongly that certain journals at home and abroad, in which he included the *Civiltà*, were acting improperly in dictating to the Fathers of the Council the line which they should adopt, and were advocating what he considered extreme views on the subject of the expected definition, from which he anticipated much practical hindrance to conversions.



The Oratory

June 30, 1869.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

Your new number has just come to me, and, as I know I sha'n't write you a line if I delay, I take up my pen at once. You have had a good many capital articles lately, and I think you must be making way, especially from the tone of the Protestant Press. You saw, the *Spectator* (I think) praised you lately. If you are to change your internal shape and drift, it must be on the ground that success is not *tanti* in your present line, not that you cannot gain it. I don't profess to give you that attention which I ought to give—I have so many interruptions, and our Fathers borrow No<sup>s</sup> and then it is "Hunt the Slipper" to get them back; and old men have I suppose, a sort of impatience in reading new things—at least, I find I read awhile, and then I get tired—and stop, when I have time before me. However, your notice of Lecky was good, though I want to master it and have not—and the review of Thackeray. It overcomes a great deal of jealousy and prejudice among Protestant writers, to find a Catholic sympathizing and taking an interest in Protestants or their literature—and you have lately been doing it, as you safely and fairly of course *can* do it. You do so in the article on Thackeray and in other criticisms. In like manner you have said a word against "Five years, &c," and your remarks on Pattison and Dr. Gillow are in the same spirit. What I have read of your articles on Education I like very much—but from feeling that I have thought and written and read enough on the subject, and being just now full of other matters, I have not done justice to them. As to Pusey, what you say in various parts of the Articles is most true—but, perhaps from my fault, I wanted to be assisted by it, and have not been, in finding what the exact drift of his string of authorities is, and what it is worth. I understand it to be to show that "Immaculata Conceptio" is by tradition "activa," and that, as such, it is by tradition "condemned." The answer to this, I suppose, is that the Church is not bound to receive a word in a certain sense in which in a former age it was used in the schools—the ὁμοούσιον gives us a stronger instance than is necessary for the Conceptio Immaculata, for it was condemned at a large Council 70 years before Nicæa. But perhaps I have not got hold of his sense.

Ever yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

In the above letter two numbers of THE MONTH are spoken of. In that for June had appeared an article dealing with Mr. Lecky's *History of European Morals*, and that which held the post of honour was on *Thackeray's place among English Writers*. This it was principally which attracted the favourable notice of the *Spectator* of which mention has been made.<sup>1</sup>

It was the July number which contained the other articles alluded to. One of these reviewed a pamphlet by Dr. John Gillow, Vice-President of Ushaw, entitled *Catholic Higher Education, a Letter to the Editor of the Dublin Review*, in which the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were unfavourably compared with that of London, much of the evidence by which the plea was supported being professedly drawn from Mark Pattison's *Suggestions on Academical Organizations*, which, as the reviewer contended, had been seriously misunderstood. Another review was of *Five Years in a Protestant Sisterhood and Ten Years in a Catholic Convent*, then recently published, strong disapproval being expressed of the transparent personalities which the book contained. The opening article of the number, by Father Coleridge himself, was on *The Prospects of Catholic Education*, and another, unsigned but probably from the same pen, dealt with Dr. Pusey's letter replying to Dr. Newman's criticism of his *Eirenicon*, of which the new publication was taken to be a second part.

Just three months afterwards Dr. Newman wrote :

The Oratory, B<sup>m</sup>  
Sept<sup>r</sup> 30 1869.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

Is it allowable to say "There are *Objects* of Divine Worship, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost"? As the text is "There are Three that bear witness &c," I should have

<sup>1</sup> "We notice with considerable interest THE MONTH, which, all our readers may not be aware, is a Roman Catholic periodical. It certainly is not open to the reproach, made not without some reason against some of these publications, of a want of literary interest. There is a very appreciative criticism of 'Thackeray as a Humorist,' and a temperate though necessarily a somewhat hostile review of Mr. Lecky's *History of European Morals*. We cannot help expressing some surprise at reading that the fall of the Bourbons is owing to their oppression of the Holy See, and especially to the conduct of the great Bourbon, Louis XIV. Is not this ungrateful to the author of the 'Dragonnades'? Surely it is from our side, and not from that of Rome, that the quotation should be made.

καὶ λίην κείνός γε δοικότε κείναι ὁλέθρῳ  
ὡς ἀπόλοιτο καὶ ἄλλος, ὅτις τοιαῦτά γε βέβηλοι."

(*Spectator*, June 5, 1869.) A rejoinder to the last part of this notice, from the writer in THE MONTH, appeared in the *Spectator* of June the 12th.

thought it was, but I am not quite satisfied with the plural "objects"?

Your *Month* has just come, and the variety of "its subjects seems excellent." You must pity me that I cannot say more, for really I am overworked, and have no time for anything.

Most sincerely yours

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Meanwhile the Nemesis was not tardy in making its appearance which, as Dr. Newman feared, the encomiums lavished on his recent works must forebode. The year 1870 brought many a peck of troubles, of various kinds, of which we shall mention none but those in which THE MONTH was in some degree concerned. Of these, however, we must first give an outline, after which the letters of the period may be left to explain themselves.

Early in 1870 Dr. Newman published his *Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent*. It had been known that a work of a philosophical character was to be expected from him, and great curiosity as to its exact character was naturally rife. Before it actually appeared, THE MONTH was able, in the number for March, 1870, to publish a summary analysis of its scope and drift, and such a notice necessarily appearing, in Father Coleridge's phrase, somewhat "cold and judgmatical," it seems to have been concluded that it virtually amounted to a condemnation, for, as was observed, "THE MONTH is usually enthusiastic (as far as it ever is so) over the writings of this particular author." Accordingly, the *Tablet*, not having access to the book itself, based an article upon the account given by THE MONTH, in which, in its issue of March the 5th, the above inference from its tone was rather obscurely drawn. "When we have read the book," it was said, somewhat obviously, "we shall be able to bring it more fully before our readers. At present, we can only say that THE MONTH believes that it will 'provoke much criticism both favourable and unfavourable;' but in what direction our own criticism will tend we have at present no means of ascertaining."

This now appears harmless enough; but the atmosphere was then in a highly electrical condition, it being the period of the Council, and of the luxuriant crop of domestic controversies which grew around it, until the definition which was its conclusion put an end to them for ever. Consequently, the Editor

of THE MONTH and his contributor were at once up in arms, addressing to the *Weekly Register*, as a neutral organ, what, in spite of the thanks conveyed by Dr. Newman himself, appears to us an uncalled for and even captious protest against the wrong which they considered to have been done them. The result was to arouse a conflict even more confusing and less instructive than is usual with newspaper polemics. In this, our Editor, while crossing swords with one champion of the first rank on the side of the *Tablet*, was attacked by others on grounds diametrically at variance; for, while one assailant took him to task for basely deserting the cause of Newman, another proclaimed that the *Tablet* had administered to him a very wholesome tonic, over which it was not strange that he should pull a wry face. The dispute extended over seven entire weeks, (March 19th—April 23rd), the correspondence on both sides being exceedingly voluminous, but before it had proceeded far, it became generally known that the notice published by THE MONTH, which was the occasion of it all, had been contributed by a member of Dr. Newman's own Congregation, and one of his most devoted disciples. This discovery, it need hardly be added, did nothing whatever to quell the strife.

There was more trouble in store. When in due course the *Grammar of Assent* became public property, it appeared that THE MONTH was to be the vehicle of criticisms regarding it far more pronounced than anything which the colourless *précis*, of which we have heard, could be supposed to portend. To Father Thomas Harper, an Oxford convert, and a devoted admirer of Dr. Newman, was committed the chief part in a discussion which dealt with matters which he had specially made his study, and with the number for May he commenced a series of articles upon the *Grammar*.<sup>1</sup> Father Harper was a Scholastic of Scholastics, and profound as was his veneration for Newman he would not disguise his condemnation of the antagonism which he believed to exist between the new work and the philosophy of the Schools. Accordingly, with every demonstration of respect for the author he opened a prolonged battery upon his book. As Father Coleridge writes, "I fear he hurt Newman much, who, however, always spoke of him with wonderful kindness. At last—when I found that N. did not intend to answer, as he thought he had been

<sup>1</sup> These ultimately amounted to seven, appearing in May, June, July, August, October, November, and December.

thoroughly misunderstood from the beginning,—the articles were stopped."

Almost simultaneously with these discussions regarding Dr. Newman's philosophy, a far more serious and painful trouble was caused by the surreptitious publication of a private letter to Dr. Ullathorne, his diocesan. In this, writing under the manifest influence of strong feeling, Dr. Newman protested in most vigorous terms against the acts of a party, who as he conceived were striving to hurry the Bishops assembled at Rome into a course, which although it could not injure the Church herself, would scare away many who might otherwise become members of her fold. In particular the well-remembered phrase, "an insolent, aggressive faction," which he but partially adopted, was (and frequently still is) invested with a significance which he himself promptly repudiated—as if his denunciations were specially levelled at the Society of Jesus as a body.

Such are the various threads which will be found interwoven in the letters we are about to consider. More interesting than anything else is the light which they throw upon the author's attitude towards his own book.

The Oratory,  
March 8, 1870.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

I have always intended to ask you to accept a copy of my book<sup>1</sup> from me, which is ready—but since you wish to see it at once, I meanwhile lend you a set of sheets, by this post, which please send back when you have the book itself.

Most truly yours  
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The Oratory,  
March 13 /70.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

I thank you very much for the few lines you have put into the *Register* of yesterday. They are very kind. I have tried to be as accurate, as I possibly can, theologically, in what I have written, and hope I have observed all the landmarks which theologians have laid down—but I know, even if I succeed in hitting the concurrence of others so far, still the main question is, whether I have added anything to the difficult subject of

<sup>1</sup> The *Grammar of Assent*.

which I have treated, or, have left it more confused than I found it.

However, any how I have got a great burden off my mind—for 20 or 30 years I have felt it a sort of duty to write upon it—and I have begun again and again, but I never could get on—and again and again I have in consequence stopped. Now, whether I have done it well or ill, still I have done it. I have no further call on me. I have done my best and given my all—and I leave it to Him to prosper or not, as He thinks fit, for whom I have done it. I say, the incubus is off my mind, and it is hardly too much to say that I look forward to death more happily, as if I had less to keep me here. I suppose it will be my last work—meaning by "work," anxiety and toil. Myself, I don't think it my worst—but then I recollect it is often said that an author thinks his worst work his best.

Yours most sincerely

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

April 11, 1870.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

I write a line to tell you with what pleasure I read your long letter in Saturday's paper—and to thank you for it, as far as it concerned me.

I have had a most pleasant and interesting letter from some of your Fathers at Rome.

Ever yours sincerely

JOHN H. NEWMAN. \*

The "long letter" in question was one contributed by Father Coleridge, as Editor of *THE MONTH*, to the *Weekly Register* of April 9th, in the course of the controversy with representatives of the *Tablet* which has already been described.

The Oratory,

April 13, 1870.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

I am sure, if I am to be tried, kinder hands than yours and Fr. Harper's could not have been selected—and, while you act the part of very Brutuses, I should be most unreasonable if I did not in my mind and will cooperate with your act, and, like St. Laurence, "turn myself on the other side."

Yours affectly in Xt.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.



Rednall,

April 30, 1870.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

*The Month*<sup>1</sup> has been sent to me here—and I have read the articles of course with great interest. That on Infallibility is written with great moderation and candour, and must please every one. As to Fr. Harper, he was sure to write, and he has written, with a full-hearted friendship about me—and I feel very grateful to him for it—but I think I see that the main argument of my book does not fall within the philosophical and theological traditions of the Society.

Ever yours most sincerely

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

P.S. Fr. Harper's article does me this great service—that it indirectly tells the public that, as to that private letter of mine to my Bishop which has got out, the Jesuits accept my assurance that (though I *am* deeply pained at the *Civiltà* and its belongings) I have never dreamed of speaking offensively of the Jesuit body. The truth is, between ourselves, I have believed the common report, that the Fr. General and the mass of the Society do not like the policy which made the *Civiltà* what it is. And I am disposed to go on believing it, even though it were contradicted.

The Oratory

Feb'y 5, 1871.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

I began to read Fr. Harper's papers, but they were (to my ignorance of theology and philosophy) so obscure, and (to my own knowledge of my real meaning) so hopelessly misrepresentations of the book, that I soon gave it over. As to my answering, I think I never answered any critique on any writing of mine, in my life. My Essay on Development was assailed by Dr. Brownson on one side, and Mr. Archer Butler on the other, at great length. Brownson, I believe, thought me a Pantheist, and sent me his work to Rome, by some American Bishop.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Butler has been lauded by his people as having

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, the number for May, 1870. The article upon the question of Infallibility was by Father Coleridge. It was in this number, as has been said above, that Father Harper opened fire.

<sup>2</sup> At the period in question Dr. Newman was in Rome.



smashed me. Now at the end of twenty years, I am told from Rome that I am guilty of the late Definition by my work on Development, so orthodox has it been found in principle, and on the other side Bampton Lectures have been preached, I believe, allowing that principle, the *Guardian* acknowledges the principle as necessary, and the Scotch editors of Dorner's great work on our Lord's Person,<sup>1</sup> cautioning of course the world against *me*, admit that development of doctrine is an historical fact. I shall not live another twenty years, but, as I waited patiently as regards my former work for "Time to be the Father of Truth," so now I leave the judgment between Fr. Harper and me to the sure future.

Fr. Mazio said of my "Development," "I do not know how it is, but so it is that all these startling things, Mr. Newman brings them round at the end to a good conclusion"; and so now the *Quarterly* (if I recollect) talks in a kind sense of my surprises, and the *Edinburgh* of my audacity. I do not mean myself to surprise people or to be audacious, but somehow, now, at the end of life, I have from experience a confidence in myself and, (though with little of St. Cyprian's sanctity, but with more of truth, as I trust, in my cause) I am led to take to myself some portion of the praise given him in Keble's line, and to "trust the lore of my own loyal heart." I trust to having some portion of an "inductive sense," founded in right instincts.

My book is to show that a right moral state of mind germinates or even generates good intellectual principles. This rejoices the *Quarterly*, as if it were a true principle—it shocks the *Edinburgh*—as if Pascal and others were much more philosophical in saying that religion, or religiousness, is not ultimately based on reason. And the *Guardian* says that whether this view will or will not hold is the problem now before the intellectual world, which coming years are to decide.

Let those who think I ought to be answered, those Catholics, first master the great difficulty, the great problem, and then, if they don't like my way of meeting it, find another. Syllogizing won't meet it.

You see then I have not the very shadow of a reason *against* Fr. Harper's future papers, as I think they will all go ultimately, after I am gone, to the credit of my work.

While I say this, of course I am sensible it may be full of

<sup>1</sup> *Clark's Foreign Theological Library*. Third Series. Vol. x. *Dorner on the Person of Christ*: Division ii. vol. i. *Advertisement*, p. iii.

defects, and certainly characterized by incompleteness, and crudeness, but it is something to have started a problem, and mapped in part a country, if I have done nothing more.

Yours most sincerely

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The above letter, which as will be seen, followed the others at a long interval, practically concludes the discussion of the topics discussed in them. Here, accordingly, we pause once more and reserve for a concluding paper the correspondence which yet remains and which seems to require a chapter to itself.

## *A Glimpse of Ultima Thule.*

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### I.

WHEN the navy of Cneius Julius Agricola, in the year of Christ 84, effected the famous circumnavigation which proved Britain to be an island, it would seem to have been favoured by the gods to an extent that its mariners little imagined. They reported, as we learn from Tacitus, that the ocean in the northern parts was of a more lethargic nature than other seas of their acquaintance—not only heavy and sluggish to the oar, but resisting the efforts of the winds themselves to disturb its repose or lash it into turbulence—which the historian ascribes to the fact that the waters are wide and deep, dry land scarce, and mountains few,—and that without land and hills tempests cannot be brewed. Even more wonderful than such an explanation is the experience which suggested it. That, of all waters in the world, the Pentland Firth, Somburgh Roost, and the Minches, Great and Little, should succeed in palming themselves off as marked by tranquillity for her own, furnishes a signal instance of the unblushing fashion in which even the forces of nature can impose upon travellers.

Undoubtedly, however, the voyagers in question might think themselves uncommonly lucky to be so befooled; and not to have been treated instead to a specimen of what the combined forces of the Atlantic and German Oceans can do when they like. How, indeed, would those old Roman biremes have fared, with their double banks of heavy unwieldy oars, had they been caught in such a seaway as the storms habitual to the region can knock up at any moment, amid rocks and shoals and iron-bound shores—with never a compass to steer by, nor a buoy or beacon to warn them of peril or guide them to safety? They must have been brave men those ancient navigators, and no fools either, to do so much as they did: but, on this

occasion at least, they had their stars to thank no less than themselves.<sup>1</sup>

A course beset with dangers of every kind was certainly theirs, as doubling the north of Caledonia, they visited and subdued the Orkney Isles, and caught a far-off sight of Shetland—the “Ultima Thule” which, we are told, had hitherto lain concealed behind a veil of snow and storm. The Orkney group contains something like a hundred separate pieces—what between habitable islands, pasture “holms,” and “skerries” of barren rock, which last can serve as well as their more dignified brethren, or better, to send intrusive vessels to the bottom. In the stormy Firth to the south of Orkney there are various outworks of the same description, while, to the north, half-way to Shetland, sheer out of the water stands the Fair Isle, which having given its final quietus to a galleon of the Spanish Armada, commonly, but erroneously, supposed to have been Medina Sidonia’s own flag-ship, has been distinguished ever since for the fancy hosiery which the Spaniards who survived taught the inhabitants to produce. It is not very long since, in a thick sea-fog, a well-appointed steamer ran smack into one of its cliffs, and had the astonishing good fortune to be washed off after being twenty minutes aground, without having sustained any fatal damage, and so was able to get safely across sixty miles of sea, into Kirkwall harbour.

Thus even in our days of steam and electricity, when dangerous coasts are lighted up “like Bond Street,” navigators who know every foot of the road are liable to experiences which the old Romans were induced to believe impossible, and although the veil has long been drawn aside which screened Thule from the vulgar gaze, and a visit to it is undertaken by hundreds of tourists annually, with no more of adventure than attends a trip to the Channel Islands, there are yet, and ever must be, many features to distinguish the wild northernmost province of his Majesty’s home dominions from the more staid and sober regions further south.

<sup>1</sup> “With such tideways, the slightest inequality in the bottom produces a ripple on the surface, increasing in places to the dangerous whirlpools called *rösts* or roosts, which have in the case of the Pentland Firth so long given it a bad name amongst mariners. What these *rösts* are, especially when a flood spring is met dead on end by a gale from the opposite quarter, only those who have seen them or similar tidal-races can realize. . . . When the Channel Fleet were in the north in 1874, they attempted to pass to the westward through Westray Firth, in the teeth of a strong spring flood, but all the Queen’s horse-power, and all the Queen’s men could not do it, and they had to turn tail.” (Groome, *Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland*.)

A Parliamentary Election, for example, is there something *sui generis*. Orkney and Shetland forming one county and one constituency, candidates must canvass both, and as the former comprises twenty-nine inhabited islands, and the latter twenty-eight, and as moreover the centres of population on *terra firma* are far apart, and roads few and primitive, it will easily be understood that what with voyages in open boats and nocturnal journeys in gigs, there is plenty of opportunity for adventures such as do not fall within the scope of ordinary politics. Heavy expenses are likewise apt to be entailed. In the contest of 1900, a steamer was sent out to the island of Foula,<sup>1</sup> lying twenty miles westward of Shetland, to bring any voters who wished to poll at Scalloway, on the "Mainland," the nearest station. Only three of those who possessed the franchise chose to avail themselves of their privilege, and by the time they had voted heavy weather had supervened which made landing on the rocky coast of Foula impossible, in consequence of which the voters had to be kept at Scalloway for three weeks.

That these islands should thus form part and parcel of Great Britain is not so completely a matter of course as might perhaps be supposed, and is the result of a curious monetary transaction. The inhabitants are neither Celts nor Sassenachs, but Norsemen; they speak no Gaelic, and, as our War Office discovered to its surprise when it wished to attach the Shetland Volunteers to those of Sutherlandshire, absolutely refuse to don the kilt. Their language is now that of the Scottish Lowlands, with a certain admixture of Scandinavian terms; their features denote their origin, and in particular their family names.<sup>2</sup> Originally, both Orkney and Shetland were subject to the Scandinavian crown, being administered on its behalf by Norse jarls till 1231, and then by Scotch nobles—the Earls of Angus and Stratherne and the Sinclairs successively—till 1468. In this year they were pawned to Scotland, as security for the dowry of Margaret of Denmark, who married

<sup>1</sup> The names of Fair Island and Foula have no connexion with the adjectives "fair" and "foul." The former name seems to be derived from the Norwegian *Faar*—a sheep (which also christens the Faroe islands). Foula probably signifies the "island of fowls," immense numbers of sea-birds frequenting it.

<sup>2</sup> Many are patronymics — Herculson, Williamson, Gilbertson, Peterson, Lawrenson, Mathewson, Malcolmson, Henderson, Thomson, Jamieson, Georgeson, Morrison, Harrison, Sandison, Robertson, Anderson, Nicolson, Duncanson, Ericson, Ganson. There are also Halcros to be found, as Sir Walter evidently observed.

James III., its young King. The dowry was never paid, so they continued to be held as unredeemed pledges; but it was not till 1590, when James VI.—our James I.—married another Danish princess, Anne, that Denmark formally resigned all claim to the sovereignty. We are told, moreover, that so late as 1668 the plenipotentiaries, assembled at Breda, declared Denmark's right of redemption not only not to have lapsed, but to be imprescribable.

The Norsemen were not, however, the earliest inhabitants, being certainly preceded by the Picts, whom they appear to have exterminated. From some of the remains which they have left it would appear that this earlier people, of Celtic stock, had attained a certain degree of civilization, and were actually Christians. But their religion was swamped in the invasion of the Heathen of the Northern Sea, and till the end of the eleventh century, or beyond the period of the Norman Conquest, paganism and piracy seem to have reigned in the hearts and practice of the people. Even after the triumph of Christianity, the religious history of the islands is exceedingly obscure, although the Cathedral of St. Magnus at Kirkwall in Orkney—the earliest portion of which is supposed to date from 1137—is a noble monument of piety, and by a distinction very far from common, two at least of the ruling jarls were, locally at any rate, ranked among the saints, namely, St. Magnus and St. Rognvald. At the present day Presbyterianism in one form or other holds almost universal sway.

Of the Orkneys, the last stage on the road to Thule, little need here be said. It has its "Mainland," containing nearly half the entire land area of the archipelago, and more than half the population. This is likewise called "Pomona," a name of which this at least may safely be said, that it has nothing to do with the goddess of apple-orchards, who would find her occupation utterly gone in a region where trees of far hardier nature than hers can scarcely exist. There is, it is true, some exaggeration in the familiar story of the Orkneyman who, being reproached with the treelessness of his native spot, replied: "That's no true, for there are three ahint the kirk." There is in fact quite a respectable grove there, and though the timber is not very gigantic it suffices for the accommodation of a rookery. There is likewise a tree in one of the principal streets of Kirkwall, which the inhabitants regard with much pride, and it is said that when Mr. Gladstone was about to pay them a visit

there were apprehensions expressed lest he might desire to exercise his favourite pastime by felling it.<sup>1</sup>

The street thus adorned is of the type usual in these parts, a narrow ribbon of *chaussée* between wider margins of flag-stones, but the whole is in places scarcely broad enough for a small cart to get through. The drivers however navigate their vehicles on the analogy of boats, and fetch up to any doorway where they wish to discharge cargo or passengers with no scruple on the subject of *trottoirs*.

St. Magnus' Cathedral—"the kirk" *par excellence*—is the sole mediæval church in Scotland, besides that of Glasgow, which was not utterly wrecked at the Reformation. As has been said, the building of it began in the first half of the twelfth century, and the characteristic architecture is Norman of the most severe; but—as was almost the rule with such undertakings—centuries passed before it was completed, marking their passage by their styles, and it was not more than fifty years before the extinction of all styles in the flood which John Knox let loose that the latest additions were made to the structure.

Kirkwall lies on the eastern side of Pomona, looking to the German Ocean. On the other, or Atlantic, shore is Stromness, the birthplace of John Gow, the original of Sir Walter Scott's *Pirate*.

From Kirkwall to Lerwick, the capital of Shetland, is a distance of ninety miles of usually turbulent water, for, as said an experienced skipper, "It's all roost," although the particular portion which takes its name from Somburgh Head, and in which Scott makes his corsair's vessel be lost, has a bad pre-eminence. Still less to the fancy of sailors are the sea-fogs, which are apt suddenly to muffle up everything, and in a tract beset with rocks and reefs, where races and cross-currents play the mischief with dead reckoning, the oldest hands are frequently reduced to impotence and compelled to lie helplessly at anchor even within a few cable-lengths of their destination.

Like Orkney, Shetland has its "Mainland" or predominant island, a long, straggling piece of land extending no less than fifty-four miles north and south from end to end, but so deeply indented by the sea throughout the whole of its course, that

<sup>1</sup> Sir Walter Scott in the journal of his voyage to these islands with the Lighthouse Commissioners, mentions that they carried from near Edinburgh a quantity of brushwood ordered by a local proprietor to serve as sticks for his peas. "This trash," he adds, "we brought two hundred miles."



no single spot is more than three miles from salt water. These intrusive arms, which in some places almost cut the island asunder, would in Scotland be called "lochs," and in Norway "fiords." Here they are known as "voes," and the old Vikings must have found them designed as by nature herself for their special benefit, to afford the best possible accommodation for their long ships.<sup>1</sup>

In the summer season, when as a rule visitors make acquaintance with these latitudes, the first circumstance likely to attract notice is the extraordinary length to which the day extends itself in a region within measurable distance of the arctic circle.<sup>2</sup> At midsummer the sun does not set till half-way between 9 and 10 p.m., rising again about half-past two, and while he is actually out of sight he is so little beneath the horizon as to make it easy to determine his position at any moment, and impossible to fix the point where the gloaming becomes the dawn. Sir Walter Scott was able to write, more than a month after the days had begun to shorten, in the greeting he despatched to his chieftain, the Duke of Buccleugh :

Health from the isles where dewy morning weaves  
Her chaplet with the tints that twilight leaves.

Our skipper, himself a Shetlander, told a story concerning an envoy despatched from London in recent years to prospect on behalf of a body of friends the qualifications of Shetland as a holiday resort,—who on his return pithily expressed his sense of its advantages—"Daylight all night; and drunk for three pence." But, as is so often the case with modern instances of the kind, the story appears to be of some antiquity, for in the *Pirate*<sup>3</sup> we find Jack Bunce speaking of "the happy climate where gin is a groat a bottle, and where there is daylight for ever." What this actually means will be understood when we say that print or even manuscript can easily be read at midnight by natural light, even indoors, and it is said that golf is played from sunset to sunrise. There is also on sale in the Lerwick shops a photograph of the Town Hall, stated to

<sup>1</sup> The structural character of these vessels is supposed to be still perpetuated in the boats of the Fair Island.

<sup>2</sup> The Shetlands lie between 59° 51' and 60° 50' north latitude; that of the polar circle being about 66° 33'.

<sup>3</sup> C. xxxvi.

have been taken at midnight on June the 29th, the hands of the clock in the tower of the building pointing dramatically to the figure 12. To those who have any spice of scepticism in their composition, this last circumstance will appear less satisfactory than might be desired, for wonderful as may be the lightsomeness of a Shetland midnight, it is a good deal short of what is required for an instantaneous photograph, and such alone could have defined the hands so clearly, exactly on the right spot.

The period of nocturnal brightness, which has of course to be paid for by a like proportion of diurnal obscurity in mid-winter, lasts nearly three months, during which there is no night properly so-called. Hence the humorous device upon which the skipper prides himself, whose boat plies amongst the islands, and who when some tourists were growing impatient under the delays habitual in such voyages and importuned him to know when he would have them back in Lerwick, reassured them by promising that it should be "before dark." It was some time before they realized that such a condition left him four weeks in hand.

But extended as the summer day may be, it falls far short of the dimensions with which it was credited only a century ago, for in Bailey's *Dictionary*, published in 1800, we find the Shetlands gravely described as consisting "of about forty islands at the north of Scotland, where the sun does not set for two months in summer, and does not rise for two months in winter." It is still more remarkable that about the year 1810 the Commissioners of Customs refused to pay bounty for herrings caught about Shetland in winter, on the ground that the islands being at that season surrounded by ice no fish could possibly be caught there. As a matter of fact ice is almost unknown.

As to the said present capital of Shetland, the captain who tells the story of the Londoner's report, also assures his passengers that Lerwick bears a remarkable resemblance to Lisbon, the great difference being that the former is grey while the latter is white. It was suggested to him that moreover both names begin with the same letter, which he appeared to welcome as a good point, having seemingly never heard of Monmouth and Macedon. The town is modern, not more than two hundred years old and stands well up on the shore, and upon the breast of a hill behind, its seaward houses frequently rising sheer from the water, so that visitors to one of the two chief hotels

can, if they choose, fish out of their windows. The accessibility from the water thus afforded is commonly supposed to have been not wholly unconnected with the low rate at which Hollands gin could be bought and sold in the days of Dirk Hatteraick and his compeers. The streets are no more commodious than in Orkney, but Commercial Street, the main thoroughfare, is entirely flagged. This follows a zig-zag course according to the sinuosities of the harbour, with which it is connected by a number of still narrower alleys, while others of the same description mount the hill on the landward side. It is flanked by buildings of every size, shape, and age, each constructed without any relation to the rest. In this street are the principal shops, the post-office, and the town-library, where London Weeklies and Monthlies are accessible on a trifling payment,—a luxury on a wet day which one would scarcely anticipate.

Lerwick,<sup>1</sup> as has been said, is new. On the opposite, westward or Atlantic, side of the "Mainland," lies the ancient capital, Scalloway, still a mere fishing hamlet, and ill-brooking the comparative grandeur of its upstart competitor. Consolation is found in the assurance that the said grandeur is to be of short duration, which is vouched for by an old rhyme lovingly preserved :

Scalloway was Scalloway when Lerwick was nane;  
And Scalloway will be Scalloway when Lerwick is gane.

Apart from this brilliant prospect, the ex-capital is distinguished by the gaunt remains of its castle, erected at the beginning of the seventeenth century by the "wicked Earl Patrick," employing forced labour of every description. This nobleman appears fully to have lived up to his designation, and amongst other things had a "gallows knob" fixed permanently in the interior of his fortress, convenient for the stringing up of whomsoever he wished to be rid of. One point alone in his character would seem to have partially redeemed his memory in the estimation of his compatriots. "Folk speak muckle black ill of Earl Patrick," says old Swertha in the *Pirate*,<sup>2</sup> "but he was a freend to the shore, and made wise laws against ony body helping vessels that were like to gang on the breakers." In other words, the Earl did all in his power to promote the art

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced "Ler—wick," not "Ler'ick."

<sup>2</sup> C. viii.

and mystery of wrecking, and to encourage the old Shetland belief that to rescue a drowning man or help a sinking vessel is proof of impending personal disaster. Nowhere can this shocking trade have held out greater temptations than in a barren region where, as Dr. Johnson said of the Hebrides, such a piece of timber as his walking-stick was a serious consideration. Earl Patrick appropriately ended his career by being beheaded in Edinburgh in 1614.

Here we pause for the present, having barely set foot in Thule, any description of which must wait for another occasion.

J. G.

## *On the Modern Problem of Charity.*

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THE day of doles is past. By this is not meant that Lazarus does not still lie at the rich man's door, imposing on him the duty to appease his hunger. But what is implied is that the old pity for the beggar at the gate has been supplanted to a great extent by a wider and wiser form of benevolence. Doles to the poor are ancient as the world, and will continue so long as distress and human kindness walk side by side on the rough way of the world's life. But what also is certain is this: that whereas individual benevolence in the past has been able to meet the needs of the poverty of its day, it can do so no longer. Modern society in the present century is essentially different to what preceded it in the sixteenth, the seventeenth, and even in the eighteenth century. The competition of trade, the consequent accumulation of wealth in the hands of the few, the aggregation of multitudes of men, women, and children in crowded cities, together with many other causes, have created a modern problem of charity which can be adequately dealt with only by thoroughly organized methods, and by a form of benevolence which, though not substantially new, is new in its social features and in many details of practical application.

The question of modern charity in its social, moral, educational, physical, and preventive aspects is an exceedingly wide one. It cannot therefore be expected that much of detailed suggestion as to the mode of its solution will be put forward in a short article like the present. The practical problem may be stated thus: How can and ought the poor who are always and actually with us to be materially assisted so that their permanent condition may be bettered? In answer I shall only attempt to advance a few general propositions and tentative theories based on an orderly consideration of some facts of poverty. In the first place, who are the poor? The political economist would answer by a scientific definition: "The poor

are all those who have not an abundance of useful things." Sociology however prefers a descriptive definition combining some sort of general classification. It divides the poor broadly into two classes—the *independent* and the *dependent* poor. The dependent poor are "all those who are actually so destitute as to be unable to maintain themselves, and who necessarily have recourse to public or private charity." The independent poor as described recently by Mr. Peter Fyfe in a paper read by him at Aberdeen on the Housing Problem, are "all those whose average wage does not enable them to maintain themselves and their dependents up to a reasonable standard of physical efficiency after spending one-tenth of their wages in house rent and laying apart 10 per cent. of their earnings for contingencies." The former class admits of division and subdivision. Under the name of the dependent poor are comprised, first the chronic poor—those who for one reason or another are always "hard up" and always in want. This class consists of a variety of persons of very varying merits and demerits. The "aged poor" and the mentally and physically infirm form a large section. Those who are morally weak form another. The habitual drunkard, the idle loafer, the confirmed cadger, and the lazy beggar, are all types of the same. Secondly, there are the "occasionals." This is also a large class, and at the present day, an increasing proportion of the whole. It is fed from the lower strata of the independent poor, and is generally the product of accident or misfortune.

These roughly are the poor who make their daily and constant appeal to society in the name of humanity and charity. How can and ought this army of petitioners to be answered in their own and society's best interest? It goes without saying that no hard and fast rule will settle the matter. Charity is a law to itself and discretion is its soul of wisdom. Each particular case must eventually be judged by its merits, but, notwithstanding, general warnings may be usefully offered, and certain canons or criterions for judgment may be laid down. These refer to the different classes of the poor already described, which we must now turn back to consider.

The independent poor, however paradoxical the statement may appear, claim our first thought. They do not appeal directly to charity, but charity should, I think, spontaneously and in an indirect manner, concern itself with them. This is a class which needs help but which rarely receives it. Its

members struggle to maintain an appearance of respectability, to keep their children clean and tidy; and because of this effort, they are passed over and less deserving ones are helped. To assist these poor is indeed a worthy object of charity. But how are such to be aided? I would answer unhesitatingly, not by the direct gift of alms, but by the contribution of the opportunities of self-help and betterment. The providing of suitable and inexpensive housing accommodation, health and educational resorts, such as hospitals, parks, schools, museums, and picture-galleries, by municipalities and private individuals, suggest themselves as some ways of practically assisting and ameliorating the condition of this large and growing class. Prevention in their case is far better than cure. Our constant aim therefore in helping these poor should be to prevent their becoming submerged, and to enable them, by affording them facilities for thrift and advancement, to rise above this highest water-mark of poverty.

We have next to consider the several classes of the dependent poor. Of these, we will commence with those who are habitually in distress. The problem in regard to these assumes a wide variety in accordance with the multitude of existing types of chronic poverty. In all cases the disease—for in a certain sense it is a disease—must be carefully diagnosed and the root cause, rather than the superficial symptoms, ought to be dealt with. Old age is a prolific cause of permanent poverty. Roughly speaking, it accounts for a quarter of the sum-total of poverty of this sort in England. Many plans within recent years have been propounded for dealing with the subject of old-age pauperism. Amongst these, the greatest prominence and the preponderance of popular favour has been given to State-aided pensions. Yet no plan so far hit upon has received anything like universal acceptance. Personally I am not in favour of the pension scheme, though no doubt there is much to be said for it. Every such scheme, besides being complex, expensive, and difficult of execution, would also appear to be incomplete, as failing to make satisfactory provision for extreme old age. The aged poor have for the most part survived their kindred. They stand alone like solitary trees on the mountain-side. Their chief difficulty, quite apart from poverty, is the absence of any friends to care for them, and to give them that daily and constant assistance which is so necessary for their welfare. This difficulty is clearly not met by the pension



scheme. Hence I regard it as inadequate. My own idea would be to see the aged and deserving poor accommodated in "Cottage Homes" supported by private or municipal charity. These homes would be quite distinct from such homes as our workhouses afford. The accommodation of these latter should, in my opinion, be reserved exclusively for less deserving cases of chronic poverty. By this plan the aged and deserving poor would not only be saved, as they would also by the pension scheme, from the stigma and inconvenience of being housed in an institution where the predominant element is, to say the least, less reputable, but they would also be attended and cared for by the officials and helpers who in these quasi-public "Homes" would always be at their service.

The poverty of another large section of the habitually poor is traceable to physical, mental, or moral infirmity. When the cause is solely physical or mental the remedy would seem to be analogous with that provided for the aged. To meet their case also Homes for the infirm, other than hospitals and infirmaries, might well be founded and endowed. In these homes I would suggest that light work should be provided, and that the inmates should only be received under certain restrictive conditions—such as residence for a specified period of months or years, such time being settled by the medical superintendent.

Where the cause is moral, that is, in the case of the idle and the dissolute, who could have money but have squandered it, the remedy ought, as it seems to me, to be far different. The treatment should be drastic. I would substitute in this case, for the workhouse and the suggested Homes—the gaol. In connection with these proposals of reform I would further suggest a Court of Vagrancy, supplied by the Board of Guardians, which should have a general control over all organized charities. This would ensure unity of administration without, I think, impairing private enterprise and charity.

We must now turn to the still more critical and anxious problem of occasional poverty. The question here awaiting an answer is—"How are families who have fallen by accident or misfortune to be saved from becoming permanently submerged? Or how, in regard to this class, can material aid be wisely dispensed, so that it may be benefited by the bounty?" In the first place it must be said that the principle requiring that the cause should be looked into in each individual case is here more particularly to be adhered to. Indiscriminate charity in regard

to this class of persons is fruitful of the greatest evil. By giving doles of sixpences or shillings to all and sundry persons to tide them over a crisis, we may seriously injure their character, and be the occasion of many, who were previously habitually independent and industrious, falling back on dependence and begging as a profitable and easy occupation. The nature of the misfortune should be carefully inquired into. If it is one which might reasonably have been provided against, it is generally not wise to proffer immediate relief except in cases of absolute destitution. Prudence dictates the further consideration as to whether it may not be more beneficial to the applicant, and to society, that he or she should suffer some temporary inconvenience, if not as an expiation for carelessness, at least as a deterrent against future neglect.

In making this consideration we ought carefully to weigh the actual good results, which are present relief, the stirring up of kindly feeling and gratitude, with the future and possibly evil consequences. In every case a sound judgment, knowledge of human character, and philanthropic tact will all be requisitioned to form a right conclusion as to how to act under the precise circumstances. A moot-case would be that of a bricklayer who in the course of his ordinary work receives ample wages, but on account of frosty weather is temporarily thrown out of employment. The interruption of work and wages is normal, and ought to have been provided for. To assist such a case without due consideration would be far from beneficial, not only to the individual bricklayer and his family, but also to the particular trade and consequently in a measure to society at large. Were the distress due to a phenomenal interruption of the trade the matter would be quite otherwise. We will next suppose sickness to be the cause which throws the labourer out of his work and induces poverty. Surely, you will say, this is a case for spontaneous and unhesitating relief? It may or may not be so. A discriminating charity will consider further whether, in view of all the circumstances, the invalided workman ought not to have previously joined a sick benefit society. If his not having done so was due to recklessness and prodigality, assuredly there would be reasons for demur and caution. At least good advice ought to be added to the gift of charity, and a warning delivered that the same assistance will not be meted out again under the same circumstances. A condition also might well be made that the recipient of the alms should oblige

himself by promise, on the first opportunity, to join a trade benefit club. These precautions will go far to minimize the danger of thriftlessness in those who are helped by charity, seeing that it is a danger which comes more directly from the expectation of future help than from the fact of the actual assistance. Other cases of occasional distress arise from the beginning of drunken, slothful, or other vicious habits. These cases are not usually deserving of private charity, and are best met by the casual ward of the workhouse.

A last word about the children. In regard to these it is somewhat generally thought that the danger of indiscriminate charity is least to be feared. I have often heard it said in connection with helping or refraining from helping the less deserving poor, "At least we must feed and clothe the children. They must not suffer for their parents." In an age which is especially kind to children, and writing in the city of Liverpool, where, according to a recent declaration of the *Daily Post*, the care of children occupies a place second only to the care of the sick, and which boasts of as many as sixty institutions set aside for this work, it may seem ungracious to say that such general statements of sympathy require particularly strict qualification.

If less immediate and direct harm is done by bestowing unbounded charity on the little ones, the indirect and the remote hurt may be very serious. We should bear in mind that the children of to-day are the English people of to-morrow. Any course calculated to injure their character, which in early age is peculiarly susceptible of improving and deteriorating influence, will be most fruitful of future evil in themselves, and also in their children of the succeeding generation. We should be most careful not to waste a good and productive soil by sowing weeds. We should also be on our guard against doing them a present hurt. If worthless parents imagine that by sending their children to school hatless, or bootless, or unfed, they will receive in the course of the day a new hat, or new boots, or a ticket for food, all of which are sufficiently valuable assets in view of the pawn-shop, they will not fail to continue to render their children objects of pity, and to provide themselves with beer and other intoxicating luxuries at the expense of the simple folk who are saying, "At least we must help the children." This much is said by way of warning against present-day sentiment and a modern tendency towards indiscriminate charity to children. It is not intended to reflect

on properly organized and well thought-out care of children. All charity in regard to the young ought, I am convinced, to be exclusively of this sort. It ought to embrace the two elements—organization and thought.

The practice of giving doles, whether of food or money, by private individuals, directly into the hands of children is worse than dangerous. It is cruel and immoral. It is co-operating with the parents in teaching children the lucrative luxury of begging, and it is offering them the best encouragement to continue the evil habit of sending their children into the streets as mendicants. An enormous amount of habitual child-begging is practised in Liverpool, and from my personal experience I have traced abundant evil to the practice. A little boy commences at early school age to beg food and coppers from ignorant but well-meaning neighbours. It is his nightly occupation. He succeeds in it, and is able to bring back a satisfactory portion to his parents. This is equivalently spent in beer. Another portion—the initiation of theft—he manages to retain for himself. Thus the child sees at the very commencement of life how easy and pleasant it is to live at the expense of silly people. On leaving school he prefers to continue to do this rather than to turn his hand to labour. Of course he must live cheaply. Hence at the age of fourteen he leaves his wretched home to take up his quarters at a twopenny lodging-house. Here, fully emancipated, he enters upon the leisurely occupation of selling newspapers or blacking shoes, and, later on, especially if in London, of opening and shutting cab and carriage doors. In other words, after leaving school he continues to be a beggar, grows habitually indolent, and ends as a dissolute and drunken man—a worthless member of society.

From these considerations I would suggest as practical advice—never give private alms into the hands of any child however pitiful and wretched its appearance. Leave the field of child charity entirely in the hands of public or quasi-public organizations. These institutions also ought to be imbued, as has been said, with the quality of thought. By this is meant that their energy should be directed by general and well understood principles. One of these of paramount importance is—that the responsibility to provide for children ought not lightly to be removed from parents and placed in the hands of other persons. There should be a very grave cause to justify such transfer of parental responsibility, and the tendency created

thereby towards recklessness with regard to early marriages in others, and carelessness in the parents, should be met by imposing some proportionate cost. This principle admits of application in many ways. Thus, when feeding and clothing destitute children, if we enforce the law of neglect against the culpable parents, they are forced to see their real responsibility, and, paying equivalently for their social fault, society is recouped for its expense. This principle is also applied when children are placed in "Homes" where in return for their keep their parents are deprived, while they remain in them, of their company and of certain minor utilities. This as it stands in most Homes other than Reformatory or Industrial Schools, is a very inadequate sanction, as the parent is free to reclaim his child at a very short notice. In this connection the Canadian law, as I learn from an interesting paper on "Catholic Child Emigration to Canada," by the Rev. E. Bans, and Mr. Arthur Chilton Thomas, the hon. manager of Father Berry's Homes, Shaw Street, Liverpool, is in advance of our own. The law of the Dominion wisely requires that those who have left their children dependent for a period on public charity cannot obtain them back again as a right, but have to prove that it is for the child's interest that it be handed over to them. Such a law as this, if adopted in England, would greatly assist to make charitable institutions for children thoroughly efficient and useful. With these provisos, I think, we may all agree in wishing God-speed to children's charities—as well hospitals and orphanages, as Homes for friendless girls and working boys and youths, refuges and even free dinners and clothing for the destitute. No charity is more far reaching—none is more useful.

And here I conclude my remarks. In all that I have said I have confined myself to the broad statement of principles of action and the merest suggestions of their application. I have not touched on the motives of charity. These lead to much higher considerations. They are to be found in the Gospel teaching of the Saviour of men. In these motives we shall often find reasons for modifying the rules deduced from processes of strict reason. The saints are examples of this. Their profuse, and, at times, apparently unwise benevolence is accounted for by the consideration of supernatural reasons and motives. Still in this regard St. Paul's dictum is true—*Rationabile obsequium nostrum*—our service should be a reasonable one. Our charity, therefore, ought, if it is to be pleasing

to God, to accept the dictates of common sense and never run counter to reason, though, at times, it may and ought to soar above it. Neither do I wish by anything I have written to discourage any from the practice of charity. To dispense alms to the best advantage is most difficult. Wisdom is a supreme gift, and a wise philanthropist is the most sapient of men. But the less wise can please God, and good-will and ordinary prudence is all that our Father in Heaven requires of us in the carrying out of His highest law—mutual love and charity.

HENRY C. DAY.

## *The Suppression of the Society of Jesus.*

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### XIV.—THE BULLYING OF CLEMENT XIV. (2).

THE last article covered a period of only six months from the accession of Clement XIV., but the period was one which seems to be marked off by a distinctive note. The points which it brought out may be thus summarized: (1) The new Pope had declared on several occasions, and with a certain effusiveness, that it was his wish to gratify the offended Powers, and so restore peace to the Church, and that for this reason he was prepared to suppress the Society; he had also gone a step further, and in several confidential communications professed a personal dislike for the Order, as given to domineering and intriguing. (2) He asked, however, for time to make the needful preparations, and had represented that time was all the more necessary as, having to encounter the opposition of his Curia, he felt obliged to keep the matter secret, and hence must do everything himself. (3) In spite of these repeated professions of willingness on the part of the Pope, the representatives of the Courts distrusted him—de Bernis indeed less than the others, but even he to some extent—and suspected that he was merely playing them off with fictitious assurances, whilst his real object was to procrastinate, in the hope that some change of political conditions would sooner or later deliver him from their tiresome demands. (4) They, on the other hand, were resolved to bring him to the point without delay, and pressed him on by strongly worded Memorials and veiled threats, by which means, at the end of the half-year, they at least succeeded in entangling him in two written engagements, addressed to the French and Spanish Kings, which they could in future always bring up against him.

This was their procedure, and it may have occurred to a reader that they were unreasonable, even from their own point of view, in demanding the act of suppression so soon, and



accounting it suspicious that the Pope should require a few months to prepare for it. After all there could not well be a suppression without a Bull, or at least a Brief, and in such a document the decree must be fortified by an array of motives—unless it were to stand self-condemned—whilst the collection of materials for this array and their embodiment in an effective text was a thing that could not be done in a day.

Still this is a consideration which the Courts are not likely to have overlooked, and if in spite of it they suspected Clement XIV. of an *arrière pensée*, it must have been because their practised eyes saw something in his manner which inspired distrust. The history of the procrastinations of the next two years will show that their suspicions were not without foundation.

Are we then to infer that the Pope was playing a double game, and playing it under conditions in which only extreme folly could anticipate success? There is no need for such a violent hypothesis. In view of the various reports of de Bernis and the other ambassadors, it is hardly possible to doubt that Clement XIV.'s dislike for the Society was real and persistent throughout his Pontificate; nor, perhaps, is it possible to deny that, however unwarrantably, he believed the Jesuits to be capable of vindictive schemes against a Pope who should destroy them. Still it would be to judge ill indeed of the Pontiff if one were not to credit him with the endeavour to determine their fate according to higher principles than those of personal dislike or fear, and it is to such an endeavour, as it appears to us, that his remarkable procrastinations must be ascribed. So far as one can pierce the thick veil of secrecy behind which he concealed his thoughts, it looks as if the opinions he held at the time of his accession gradually underwent a change, or at all events a modification. A religious Order is not an essential feature in the structure of the Church, and it had seemed to him the proper and obvious course to sacrifice the Society rather than risk the schism which the offended sovereigns were tendering as the alternative. But as time ran on and he studied the question more deeply he came to realize that it had other aspects which were of the gravest import. Could he disregard the glaring opposition to his predecessors, especially to the author of the quite recent *Apostolicum*, in which he would place himself by destroying as guilty of many crimes an Order whose merits they had so constantly and

cordially praised? Could he disregard the wishes of those other sovereigns who had not asked for the suppression, but on the contrary had endowed colleges and entrusted them to the care of these Religious? Could he disregard the wishes of so many Bishops who, when not restrained by Court pressure, had so urgently called upon his predecessor to defend the Society? Was it not clear that the leaders of the movement for suppression were Regalists, Jansenists, and Encyclopædists, whose real motives for desiring it were quite different from what they professed, and was it not clear that their refusal to supply proofs of the alleged guilt of the Jesuits meant that they had no proofs to give? Then again would he not be destroying a multitude of schools, missions, and other good works, almost indispensable for the well-being of the Church, if in this sudden way he destroyed the Religious in charge of them before there were others duly trained to take their place? Would he not be scandalizing a vast number of fervent Catholics, whom the Holy See had hitherto encouraged to look up to these Religious as trustworthy spiritual guides, if through his lips it now held them up as corrupters of society? And, lastly, would it be just to affix a life-long stigma on so many individual Religious whose entire innocence even the Courts themselves acknowledged? If thoughts like these were passing through the Pontiff's mind, is it not intelligible that he should grow more and more reluctant to take the step required of him, and that under the influence of this reluctance he should procrastinate from month to month, in the vain hope of either out-tiring his tormentors, or at least of excogitating some plan of suppression in which the above-mentioned evils could be mitigated? And is it not intelligible that, whilst his thoughts were in this confusion, and yet he was being harassed by the continual remonstrances of the ambassadors, he should in his endeavour to conciliate them and at the same time obey his conscience, at one moment give an assurance of which he did not foresee the full consequences, and at another qualify it with a reservation which seemed to be an attempt to elude it? It is, of course, only conjecturable that these were the inner thoughts agitating the Pontiff's mind during those four anxious years; but we put it to our readers, whether it is not a conjecture which explains intelligibly the strange history we have now to tell, of promises so often renewed and as often left unfulfilled, and whether it is not

the theory which offers the best vindication of the Pontiff's reputation.

At all events in what it has to record of the action of the Pontiff, the history of the two years' period to which we now come is simply the history of these procrastinations, and of the various pretexts under which they were justified, whilst in what it has to record of the action of the Courts it will afford us further evidence of the insincerity with which the campaign against the Society was carried on.

One piece of evidence bearing on this latter point which must not be passed over takes us back for a moment to the summer of 1769. It is contained in a letter dated August 26th, addressed by Choiseul to de Bernis, a letter occasioned by the continued complaints of the Spaniards, who had returned to their suspicions of de Bernis; and it was intended to stimulate de Bernis to more resolute insistency. Possibly the Duc himself had suspicions that de Bernis, being a Churchman, might be really half-hearted over a policy of coercion so oppressive to the Holy See. At all events he thought fit to apply the spur to the Cardinal in the following manner:

I will finish the history of the Jesuits by setting before your eyes a view which, I think, will impress you. I do not know that we did well in expelling the Jesuits from France and Spain; still it is a fact that they have been expelled from all the dominions of the House of Bourbon. I believe that it was still more ill-done, when these monks had been thus expelled, to make so imposing a demand at Rome for the suppression of the Order, and advertise all Europe that it had been made. Still it has been done, and the result is that the Kings of France, Spain, and Naples are at open war with the Jesuits and their adherents. Are they to be suppressed or are they not? Are the Kings to prevail, or are the Jesuits to gain the victory? That is the question which is now agitating the Cabinets, and is the source of intrigues, annoyances, and embarrassments to all the Catholic Courts. Surely it is impossible to contemplate this scene with indifference, and not see how unbecoming it is; and if I were Ambassador at Rome I should be ashamed to see the Padre Ricci the antagonist of my master.<sup>1</sup>

Is it conceivable that one who could write thus seriously believed the Jesuits to have committed the crimes laid to their charge? And de Bernis' reply suggests a similar reflection.

<sup>1</sup> Theiner, *Histoire du Pontificat de Clément XIV.* i. p. 377.

I have no *arrière pensée* against the Jesuits. Like yourself, M. de Duc, I do not inquire whether it was right or wrong (*bien ou mal fait*) to expel them from the four kingdoms, or whether, after they had been expelled, it was right or wrong to make a formal demand for the suppression of the Order everywhere. I start from where we are. It is necessary that the Kings of France and Spain should gain the battle in which they are engaged against the General of the Jesuits. Only the Pope can enable them to gain it, and the task is to get him to do so.<sup>1</sup>

We can now come to the Pope's letters to the Kings of France and Spain, the text of which was promised in the last article. To understand them, however, it is necessary to recall the proposed plan of action he had announced to de Bernis on July 22nd. He proposed to issue a Brief approving all that had been done by the two sovereigns to the Jesuits in their own States, and to ask for the opinions of the clergy of their kingdoms; and he expressed the hope that by means of these two measures he might induce the other sovereigns to demand a suppression in their own States. His suggestion was that, when the latter heard the motives which had impelled the two Kings, and the confirmation of these by the opinions of the clergy, they would be convinced that the Kings were justified in what they had done, and had set an example which they ought themselves to follow. But for this he must have the motives of the two sovereigns communicated to him, together with the opinions of their Bishops; and in the light of the sequel one cannot help feeling that his proposal to take this preliminary step was nothing more than a *ruse* to get hold of the motives which so far had been concealed from him and from his predecessor. It was doubtless with the same object that he "proposed to accord this Brief *motu proprio*."<sup>2</sup> They must feel that it would be to their advantage to have a *motu proprio*, the force of which would be absolute, but if they wished for it it was indispensable they should submit their motives to his judgment.

The letter to the King of France in which he bound himself to suppress the Society, and asked for the information necessary

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* p. 378.

<sup>2</sup> See de Bernis' despatch of September 18th, ap. Theiner, vol. i. p. 384. A Brief granted *motu proprio* ("of mere motion"), in contrast with one granted in view of the representations of the petitioners, is one in which the Pope takes upon himself responsibility for the justice of the motives urged as requiring the grant. Such a Brief cannot afterwards be set aside on the ground that the representations made were false.

to enable him to do so, was dated September 30th. It said that he had "received with pleasure the latest project manifested to him in the King's name by the Cardinal de Bernis, in regard to the business of which they were aware. The project seemed well suited to attain its purpose, to their mutual satisfaction. He was, however, looking to receive through the same Cardinal the necessary documents, and when he had received them, he would give the King a mark of his constant affection."<sup>1</sup>

Clement could hardly have expressed himself less clearly, and we must see in the indefiniteness of his language another illustration of his desire to remain, as far as possible, unpledged. Still—as de Bernis points out to Choiseul in his accompanying despatch of September 17th<sup>2</sup>—at least this letter amounted to a written engagement the sense of which was interpreted by the circumstances, and the Pope so understood it, but wrote obscurely because he was afraid lest his letter should fall into the hands of the Jesuits. De Bernis also explained that the "documents" for which his Holiness asked were the "motives of the French expulsion and the opinions of certain Bishops and Doctors of Theology," and that he required them "only for form's sake, that he might be able to observe the canonical rules," and (insinuates Bernis) the sovereigns "can draw up their *memorie* as they judge best."

The letter to the King of Spain was more explicit, but it was not extracted till two months later and after further pressure had been applied. On November 22nd, Azpuru sought an audience and assured the Holy Father that if the promised letter were not sent, the King of Spain might see himself forced to take extreme measures and to complete the rupture so injurious to the Church of Spain which had been commenced in 1767.<sup>3</sup> And after a conference with de Fuentes, the Nuncio had written from Paris to Cardinal Pallavicini, the Papal Secretary of State, to say that the King of Spain was so set on achieving his purpose that, if he were refused, it was feared he might go mad and take some extreme resolution.<sup>4</sup> Thus

<sup>1</sup> To please the King Clement wrote this letter in French, and as he barely knew the language, and yet was afraid to divulge the fact of his negotiation to his Curia, the French was so bad as to be comical, and to amuse de Bernis highly. (See Masson, *Le Cardinal de Bernis depuis son Ministère*, p. 155, where the original is given.)

<sup>2</sup> Theiner, *ibid.* p. 385.

<sup>3</sup> Theiner, *ibid.* p. 401. De Bernis to Choiseul, Nov. 23rd.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* p. 374.

stimulated Clement wrote his letter to Carlos III., which was dated November 30th.

We feel [he said] we cannot dispense ourselves from assuring your Majesty of our fixed intention to give you clear proofs of our desire to fulfil our obligations. We have caused to be collected all the documents we shall require for the promised *motu proprio*, by which we shall justify in the eyes of all the world the wise conduct of your Majesty in expelling the Jesuits as troublesome and turbulent subjects. As we have to bear alone and without assistance the entire weight of affairs . . . some delay is still necessary, . . . but we are firmly resolved to act, and are preparing to give the public incontestable proofs of our sincerity. We will submit to your Majesty's wisdom and intelligence a plan for the unconditional suppression of this Society.

This letter was a trump card placed in the hands of the Spaniards, and de Bernis, who claimed for himself the entire merit of obtaining it, defined correctly its significance in his letter to Choiseul of April 29, 1770.<sup>1</sup> "It is only in the matter of time," he writes, "that the Pope can now gain any point, . . . for his Holiness is too enlightened not to perceive that, if the King of Spain were to cause his letter to be printed, he would be dishonoured if he refused to keep his word and suppress a society his plan for whose destruction he had promised to communicate, and whose members he regards as dangerous, unquiet, and turbulent."

Louis XV. replied to Clement's letter to himself on October 29th.<sup>2</sup> His Majesty rejoiced to hear that the Pope had received his last proposals favourably, but courteously declined to send him the documents and expressions of clerical opinion for which he had asked. The Pope "was too enlightened not to understand that the four sovereigns would never have banished a body of Religious whom they thought dangerous, without having first examined thoroughly the just motives which had determined their action." He had already told his predecessor that they had been moved to solicit a Papal Suppression "by their regard for the interests of religion, and of the Holy See itself, and for the tranquillity of their

<sup>1</sup> Saint-Priest, *Histoire de la Chute des Jésuites*, p. 131. Apud de Ravignan, *Clément XIII. et Clément XIV.* vol. i. p. 296. The Spanish King's dissatisfaction with de Bernis, at times abated at times stimulated by the successive phases of his diplomacy, was never entirely laid aside, and one effect was that the Cardinal was kept in ignorance of the Pope's letter to the King of Spain till some time after its despatch and receipt. This explains the late date of the letter in which he comments on its significance.

<sup>2</sup> Theiner, *ibid.* p. 393.



States;" "nor could he believe that the Pope would refuse them a demand which they felt to be so necessary, when the matter affected no dogma, and lay well within the Pope's power;" that "as for the clergy of his kingdom they would receive with submission and gratitude the suppression of an Order already banished from the kingdom; and the Pope might take his royal assurance of this as of more value than signatures which might have their inconvenience;" that as for the form of the promised Brief it was for the Pope to decide on that which pleased him best.

Possibly the Holy Father was "enlightened" enough to perceive that if the King declined to supply him with any evidence to examine, it was because he had none to supply, and at least he will have been enlightened enough to perceive the impropriety of requiring the great Head of Christendom to play the part not of a judge, but of an executioner, in a matter affecting the lives and characters of many thousands of Religious. Still if right was on the side of his demand, might was on the side of the King's refusal, and there was nothing left save to submit. As far as France was concerned no *data* were obtainable for judging whether the Jesuits were really guilty.

From Spain the Pope's application for documents met with a better reception. If he did not get all that he required to form a basis for his *motu proprio*, he got what after all was all that he had formally demanded of de Bernis, a more detailed statement of the charges and the opinions of certain Bishops. Even these were apparently given with reluctance.<sup>1</sup> The Conde de Fuentes, on October 9th, had told Choiseul<sup>2</sup> that his royal master would never dream of divulging them, and Azpuru, in conjunction with de Bernis and Orsini, had assured the Pope as much, as late as November<sup>3</sup>—an assurance which probably explains the Pope's silence on this subject in his letter to the King of Spain.

Still Don Carlos, to whom de Bernis' despatch of Sept. 18th had been communicated, had been reflecting on the matter, and, perhaps because he despaired of otherwise bringing Clement to the point, resolved to comply with his demand at least to the extent just indicated. Moñino, one of the Procurators-Fiscal,

<sup>1</sup> That is, the *memoria* was given reluctantly. The opinions of the Bishops he may have given more willingly, as this was the precise thing which the Extraordinary Council of November 30, 1767, had recommended. See THE MONTH for Sept. 1902.

<sup>2</sup> See Danvila, *Historia del Reinado de Carlos III.*, p. 384.

<sup>3</sup> Masson, p. 159. Bernis to Choiseul, Nov. 1st.



was deputed accordingly to draw up a statement of the offences charged; and the resulting *memoria*—which was approved by the Extraordinary Council of Castile on November 30th, as suitable to be laid before the Pope—was that of which use has already been made in a previous article.<sup>1</sup> It alleged, it will be remembered, that at his accession to the throne of Spain, Carlos III. found that the Jesuits had everything in their hands, education, influence, patronage, the royal confessorship; and he determined to substitute a system more equitable to the other clergy. The Jesuits, however, had resented this invasion of their monopoly, and in revenge sought to stir up the people, first by pamphlets, sermons, and conversations in which the King and his Ministers were vilified, and eventually by exciting insurrections, chief among which was the Madrid rising of 1766. Such an indictment, it will be acknowledged, is just such as might have been concocted by adversaries of the Society out of a few isolated facts and much flimsy gossip. It might, on the other hand, have been attested by solid proofs. In short it was a document which could be of use to one who desired to form an independent judgment on the case only if accompanied by the *dossiers* of the various trials which it should have presupposed, that is to say, the depositions of the witnesses for both prosecution and defence, their examinations, confrontations, &c. Nothing, however, of this sort was either included in the *memoria*, or appended to it; and we have seen in the previous article just referred to how little of the sort is to be found in the Spanish Archives, and that little how inconclusive.

To elicit the opinions of the Bishops an order was sent to them by the Ministry of Grace and Justice on the 29th of October. After reciting briefly what had been done by the King and the Bourbon Courts so far, it invited them to say "with the utmost promptitude and reserve" whether the anticipations of the past (in regard to the tranquillity likely to result from the expulsion) had been so far realized, and whether the necessity of an entire suppression had not grown more imperative. Fifty-four episcopal opinions were collected in this way during the months of November and December, 1769, to which were added seven others that had been previously communicated to the Extraordinary Council in 1767, and one other which had been written by the Royal Confessor in 1768 when the expediency of demanding a Papal Suppression was first mooted.

<sup>1</sup> See THE MONTH for July, 1902.

Of the sixty-two thus obtained eight were adverse to the suppression, eight declined to express any opinion, and forty-six considered a Papal Suppression necessary.<sup>1</sup> According to Danvila the originals of these opinions are at Simancas, and he summarizes the text of the seven given in 1767 and 1768. They are those of the Bishops of Palencia, Barcelona, Salamanca, Taragona, Albarracin, and Corduba Tucuman (in South America), and of the Royal Confessor, Don Joachim Eleta. They accuse the Society of being animated with the spirit of domination, of political intrigues, of avarice, of extensive trading, of teaching lax doctrine. There can be no doubt that these seven report against it *con amore*, though, strange to say, the alleged complicity of the Jesuits in the Madrid rising, which made so deep an impression on the King and was the immediate occasion of the expulsion, made on these seven prelates an impression so slight that they do not even include it in their indictment. Danvila tells us nothing of the tenour of the other opinions hostile to the Society, which is unfortunate, as one would have liked to compare many of them with the opinions of the same prelates previously expressed to Clement XIV., in the letters in which they solicited or applauded the *Apostolicum*.<sup>2</sup> One thing is at least clear, these earlier and later opinions were in conflict with one another. Are we then to assume that the authors had changed their views during the interval, or must we suppose that either the earlier or the later opinions did not express the real minds of the writers—and if so, which are most to be trusted? The reader must judge, but we cannot help reminding him of the reason given by the Extraordinary Council of November 30, 1767, for recommending the King "to consult his Bishops separately and not assemble a Council," namely, that "each Bishop would thus make his own reflections separately, and the danger would be obviated of allowing them to talk the matter over in common."<sup>3</sup> When these opinions, together with Moñino's *memoria*, arrived in Rome at the beginning of February, 1770, further grounds were disclosed for suspecting that they were opinions which had not been obtained without

<sup>1</sup> The list may be found in Danvila, *Historia del Reinado de Carlos III.* iii. p. 429.

<sup>2</sup> In the documents appended to Père de Ravignan's two volumes, lists are given of Spanish Bishops who wrote in this sense to Clement XIII. In some cases, too, the texts of letters thus sent and of Clement XIII.'s acknowledgments are given, and from these it will be seen that the episcopal commendations of the Society at this earlier date were rendered in effusive language and professed to rest on personal experience.

<sup>3</sup> See THE MONTH for Sept. 1902.

resort to some sharp practice. Of course none of the opinions unfavourable to the idea of the suppression were sent on, nor any of the non-committal opinions, but, as only thirty-four out of the forty-six which were said to favour suppression were included in the budget, it looks as if another dozen had not replied to the King in language that was deemed altogether satisfactory. Moreover, Grimaldi's covering letter of January 23, 1770,<sup>1</sup> stipulates that both opinions and *memoria* are to be kept a dead secret, except from the Pope, de Bernis, and Orsini, and that even to the Pope Azpuru must communicate them only in his own name, not in that of his Court.

The King of Spain was well satisfied with the Pope's written assurance of November 30, 1769, and regarded the suppression as now certain, since it would be impossible to rely on anything in this world if the Pope were false to his word.<sup>2</sup> He was consequently willing to give his Holiness the time he required. So he told the Marquis d'Ossun, who wrote accordingly from Madrid. Choiseul was delighted at the opportunity to extricate his Court from some of the responsibility, and wrote to de Bernis on January 16th<sup>3</sup> renewing an order already given him in the previous December, to adopt henceforth an entirely passive attitude, responding to every demand of the Spaniards, but originating nothing himself. It was that attitude which the Cardinal preserved from this time onward till the end.

In this way the year 1770 appeared to be opening with fair hopes for the Courts of a satisfactory attainment of their wishes. And they took it as a further sign of the Pope's sincerity when he called to assist him in his heavy labours of preparation Mgr. Marefoschi—"the one prelate who understood the intrigues of the Jesuits and other Orders of Friars, and had few dealings with the cloistered Orders."<sup>4</sup>

Still the Courts did not abate their solicitations, and the first occasion on which their demand for the suppression was renewed was on January 23rd, and was at the instigation of Almada, the Portuguese representative—for the Courts of Rome and Lisbon had recently been reconciled, on the understanding that the Society was to be suppressed. News came from Lisbon that the King of Portugal, whilst out hunting, was on January 4th assailed by a peasant with a club, and somewhat wounded.

<sup>1</sup> Theiner, *ibid.* p. 546.

<sup>2</sup> D'Ossun to Choiseul, Jan. 1, 1770.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 544.

<sup>4</sup> Tanucci to Losada, Jan. 23, 1770. Apud Danvila, *ibid.* p. 413.

Choiseul, who had just received the news, writes to de Bernis: "You may be sure they are ascribing the deed to the Jesuits,"<sup>1</sup> and so it was. There was not a Jesuit in Portugal save the poor prisoners in their subterranean dungeons, but what matter? They must have done it, *Ergo* they did; and so Almada invited the other ambassadors at Rome to unite with him in a strong *memoria* which de Bernis undertook to compose. He felt himself in a difficulty, "as there was no proof to hand yet that the Jesuits or their friends had had any hand in the outrage,"<sup>2</sup> but he was equal to the task and urged that "an Order which was always being suspected of such deeds ought not to be allowed to exist." The Pope, on receiving this fresh *memoria*, is said to have been deeply impressed, and was thought to feel at last that there must be no more delays.<sup>3</sup> There were the indications too of what Danvila calls a "time of unusual activity" in the Papal Palace. The Pope charged Marefoschi to search the Archives and collect whatever materials were available for justifying the suppression. Somewhat later he was told to make out the draft of the *motu proprio*, and was even supposed to be making out the draft of a Bull of Suppression. And by March 3rd his Holiness was enabled to assure Cardinal de Bernis that he had given Marefoschi "his last orders concerning the *motu proprio*, and had told him to keep working at it without interruption, adding that he would not lose sight of the plan of the suppression."

No result, however, followed to fulfil these newly warranted expectations, and so it continued throughout the year 1770, which proved to be nothing but a "year of suspicions and reassurances," and of never-ending disappointments for the Courts. It is unnecessary and would be wearisome to tell in full the tale of this year's negotiations, the details of which may be found in the pages of Theiner, Danvila, and Masson. The following summary will suffice to give an idea of the way in which the Pope continued to put off the fatal day. "By each courier," says Masson,<sup>4</sup> "de Bernis

<sup>1</sup> Masson, *ibid.* p. 162. F. Thorpe, whose diary was quoted in the last article, mentions on Jan. 26 an account lately received from Lisbon, according to which the assailant was the aggrieved father of a young girl whom the King had caused to be carried off for the service of his lusts. That is an account which at all events was in keeping with the character of Joseph I., and with the generally credited explanation of the plot for which the Tavora family suffered in 1759.

<sup>2</sup> Letter to Choiseul of Jan. 16th. Apud Theiner, *ibid.* p. 543.

<sup>3</sup> Grimaldi to Tanucci, Feb. 6th. Apud Danvila, p. 415.

<sup>4</sup> Op. cit. p. 163.

reported new promises made by the Pope, and new declarations in reference to the *motu proprio*, but there were no visible results." In March, as we have seen, the *motu proprio* was nearly ready; in April its draft was found to need revision in the sense of fortifying it with stronger motives, so as to protect the Pope against the possibility of Jesuit revengefulness, and when Azpuru protested against the impropriety of these further delays, Clement told de Bernis<sup>1</sup> that if the Spaniards pressed him further he would resign the Papacy and retire into Sant' Angelo. In March (the 27th) Choiseul wrote to de Bernis<sup>2</sup> that "he did not know if the Court of Madrid regarded the matter as finished, but that to himself it seemed not even commenced," and on May 29th, to the Cardinal's plea that the Pope thought it prudent to proceed slowly towards his object, he replied that "there should at all events be some difference between going slowly and not going at all." By June the Court of Madrid became suspicious again, and sent word that the "strongest reasons" must be used to persuade the Pope of the inexpediency of further delay.<sup>3</sup>

This elicited another autograph from Clement<sup>4</sup> to Carlos III., protesting that all was going well and the King would be delighted with the *motu proprio* when he saw it, but that he could not take his Ministers into his confidence over its composition. And to this Carlos III. was constrained in sheer courtesy to write back<sup>5</sup> that he personally was sure of the Pope's *bona fide* intentions, but that the delays were most embarrassing, as they sowed undesirable ideas in the public mind.

At the beginning of July<sup>6</sup> de Bernis reports that the Pope talks of new Jesuit intrigues. "He seems always decided against these Religious, yet always to fear them." And the Cardinal adds a rumour which has reached him that "the General of the Order of the Passion<sup>7</sup> has warned his Holiness to look

<sup>1</sup> Danvila, p. 418. Bernis to Azpuru, May 1st.

<sup>2</sup> Theiner, *ibid.* p. 548.

<sup>3</sup> Danvila, *ibid.* p. 419. Grimaldi to Azpuru, June 6th.

<sup>4</sup> Danvila, p. 421.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* p. 422.

<sup>6</sup> Theiner, *ibid.* p. 551.

<sup>7</sup> St. Paul of the Cross, the General in question, is not in the least degree likely to have said anything of the kind, and Père de Ravignan (*Clément XIII. et Clément XIV.* i. p. 303) quotes from a letter of the Saint, of which the original is in the Archives of the Roman College. "Be sure," he writes, "that I feel much the extreme afflictions to which this illustrious Society of Jesus is subjected. The sole thought of so many calamities makes me groan and weep, seeing as I do so many innocent Religious persecuted in so many ways. . . . I continually pray that . . . God who gives death and life will in His own good time raise this Society to life again with a still greater glory; this has ever been and still is my feeling."

to his kitchen." This incident is of interest for the testimony it elicited from Choiseul, who wrote back on August 13th<sup>1</sup> saying he found it difficult to believe the Pope was so credulous and pusillanimous; that "the Jesuits had been dangerous to the countries from which they had been expelled because of their doctrines, their institute, and their intrigues, but they had not been accused of being poisoners, and it was only the base jealousy and fanatical hatred of a few monks which could suspect them of it."

In this same month of July the *motu proprio* Briefs for the different Courts were reported by Marefoschi to be at last ready, but "the Pope desired before publishing them to prepare the way by dealing the Jesuits some striking blow,"<sup>2</sup> or "of letting the lightning precede the thunderbolt," as Clement himself expressed it to Orsini.<sup>3</sup> He meant to say that he would visit them with some afflictions which would set people talking, and suspecting that they must have been convicted of some misbehaviour in Rome itself, and were not unlikely therefore to have offended elsewhere. And it was evidently in this mind that he not only took the Seminary of Frascati out of their charge, but forbade them to give Missions in the Monastery of St. Clare, or to receive from the Congregation of Indulgences any special favours.

Indeed from this time began quite a progressive series of measures avowedly intended to afflict them, and ruin their credit with the Roman people. In this way the Bishops in the Papal States were recommended to deprive the Fathers in their dioceses of faculties to preach and hear confessions; first the Irish College, then the Roman Seminary, which for a long time had been administered by the Jesuits, were submitted to an Apostolic visitation over which Marefoschi and his two subalterns, Alfani and Caraffa, presided. The ordinary methods of procedure were disregarded, the Jesuits were given no opportunity of putting in any defence, and judgment was pronounced against them, accusing them of negligence, domineering, defalcations, and other crimes; and the institutions were taken out of their hands. Nor were these the worst vexations to which they were submitted, as we may have occasion to show in the next article.

But to return to the Pope's fencing with the Courts. There

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* p. 553.

<sup>2</sup> Theiner, p. 552. Bernis to Choiseul, July 27th. Marefoschi added that he himself had suggested this to the Pope, as he wanted "to accustom him to the sound of cannon."

<sup>3</sup> Danvila, p. 422.



was still no sign of the Briefs appearing, and on August 10th Choiseul again expressed the opinion,<sup>1</sup> to which events certainly pointed, that all this talk of a coming *motu proprio* was merely a kind of artifice with which his Holiness was playing off the Courts—since he had now been on the throne more than a year and had done absolutely nothing save make the written promise of the Brief and of the Plan, which promise he seemed in no hurry to fulfil. And Carlos III. himself at length began to feel that his dignity was more compromised than his desires promoted by the repeated remonstrances of ambassadors which were only met by rebuffs. Accordingly he ordered<sup>2</sup> them to remit these, or at least to confine themselves to purely formal repetitions of their demand, and so the year dragged out its course.

One point, however, we must not pass over of the results of this year's negotiations, as it has its bearing on the motives of the Pope's delay. He had a really strong point when he protested to the ambassadors that he could not grant an entire suppression of the Society as long as several of the sovereigns in whose dominions it was working had not solicited it. It was the Empress Maria Theresa he had particularly in mind, but a despatch from the Nuncio at Vienna of May 20, 1770,<sup>3</sup> had informed him that her Majesty would offer no opposition to such a measure. Her reply to the Bourbon Ambassadors had been, as she assured the Nuncio, that she did not wish to intervene in any way in the Jesuit question; that they had twisted this answer and reported her as saying that she too wished for the suppression; but that her point was this—she had never had reason to complain of the Jesuits in her States, and whether they were left untouched, or reformed, or suppressed, she would not banish them from her States; but that she was prepared to leave it entirely to the wisdom of the Holy See what measures should be taken with regard to them. This excuse, therefore, for delaying to gratify the Bourbon Courts was taken from Clement XIV. by the summer of 1770, nor had it ever existed to delay his approbation of the doings of the Bourbons in their own States. Clearly, therefore, the true cause of his procrastination must have been intrinsic to the subject-matter; in other words, it

<sup>1</sup> Apud Danvila, *ibid.* p. 423.

<sup>2</sup> Grimaldi to Azpuru, Dec. 4, 1770. Apud Danvila, *ibid.* p. 427.

<sup>3</sup> Theiner, *ibid.* p. 554.



must have been his own personal feeling that the suppression was a measure in itself most undesirable.

With the close of the year 1770, came a political event which for the moment seemed to threaten the whole structure of the Bourbon attack on the Society. Choiseul's tenure of office had for some time been insecure. He represented a party in the French Court, and there was another party, that of the Duc d'Aiguillon, which was intriguing to supplant him. The underlying motive of hostility to him was unquestionably personal, but Choiseul was a protector of the Parlements, who had often said a good word for them to the King, whereas d'Aiguillon, together with his fellow-ministers Maupeou and the Abbé de Terray (although the two latter had been Parlementaires themselves<sup>1</sup>), were their sworn foes. There may also have been a real as there certainly was an alleged source of opposition in Choiseul's disposition to renew the war with England, to which the other party were adverse. Choiseul, however, would probably have held his ground had he not excited the wrath of Madame du Barry, the King's new mistress, who, finding that he refused to pay incense to her, determined to displace him. She succeeded—for Louis XV. could refuse nothing to his mistresses. Choiseul got his *lettre de cachet* on December 24th, which gave him twenty-four hours notice to betake himself to his country seat at Chanteloup and remain there in detention. Temporarily, the seals of the Foreign Office were given to the Duc de la Vrillière, who held them till the following March, by which time the mistress was able to obtain her favourite's appointment. Of course their enemies accused the Jesuits of having worked this intrigue, but the accusation was absolutely without foundation and does not require discussion. Still as the great enemies of the Society in Paris had been the Parlementaires, and the advent of the new Government was followed at once by the banishment of all these Parlementaires and the substitution of an entirely new judicial body, the Jesuits hoped that the change of Ministry might prove to their advantage. In some respects it did, for, as it was the *arrêt* of Parlement in 1767, and not the Royal Edict of 1764, which had sent them into exile, they were now allowed to re-enter the country, though only as individuals. But did this mitigation of

<sup>1</sup> For their part in the campaign against the Society a decade previously, see THE MONTH for April, 1902.

their troubles forbode a further mitigation to follow? They themselves were sanguine, and not unnaturally so, and they wrote jubilant letters to their friends in other countries. The effect was to cause much anxiety to Carlos III. and his Ministers, who were also exercised at the same time by another source of solicitude.

In the previous October news had come to Europe that the Spanish Governor of Buenos Ayres, Don Francisco Bucarelli, had forcibly taken possession of Port Egmont, a recently founded English establishment in one of the Falkland Islands. The English people were indignant, and Lord North's Government ordered the British Envoy at Madrid to demand the instant restitution of Port Egmont and the repudiation of Bucarelli's action. Carlos III. haughtily declined, and relying on the Family Compact, prepared to accept the alternative of war. It was just then, however, that Louis XV.'s letter to Carlos III. announcing the change of Ministry, and the fall of the Parlement, arrived in Madrid. Louis XV.<sup>1</sup> exhorted his royal cousin to make concessions to England, and so avoid a war, for which he himself in the present critical state of his affairs was not ready. Carlos III. did as he was asked, but the tone in which he wrote<sup>2</sup> back to Louis XV. marked clearly that the Family Compact was strained. Don Carlos doubtless realized that it was the French King's lust which really lay behind the change of Ministry which coming at such a moment was most injurious to the interests of Spain; and did it not show that the French King's regard for these interests, to which the Family Compact should have attached him cordially, was after all but slight?

It was undoubtedly the consciousness that Carlos III.'s attachment to the Family Compact was thus weakened, which determined the resolution of Louis XV. and his new Ministry to persevere in the policy of Choiseul against the Society, and it is of interest to English readers to note this. Had it not been for the fear lest England should attack France once more, and on the other hand the hope of forestalling her by a descent on her own shores,<sup>3</sup> the maintenance of the Family Compact would have been of less moment to France, and in that case, as Louis XV.—who "took no personal interest in the negotia-

<sup>1</sup> Masson, *op. cit.* p. 174.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 175.

<sup>3</sup> See Lord Mahon's *History of England*, vol. v. Append. pp. xix.—xxv. (Edition of 1857) for two *memoires* for the invasion of England, drawn up under the direction of Choiseul in 1767 and 1768.

tions, and only out of regard for his Catholic Majesty had demanded the suppression"<sup>1</sup>—the suppression would in all probability never have come off—since, had France withdrawn, Spain alone would never have been able to bring Clement XIV. to the point. As it was, an assurance was sent to Carlos III. that the policy which Louis had been pursuing was his own, and did not change with his Ministers, whilst de la Vrillière wrote to de Bernis on December 25, 1770,<sup>2</sup> that he was to push the matter on with more vigour than ever, whilst however still regulating himself by the direction of his Catholic Majesty.

None the less, the course of the negotiations with the Pontiff during the new year 1771 proved to be exactly what it had been in 1770. Clement continued to renew his promises, and at the same time to multiply his excuses, but absolutely no results followed. In February, de Bernis learnt<sup>3</sup> again that the *motu proprio* Brief was ready for despatch to Spain, Naples, and Parma (France and Portugal had declined to receive it), but that the Pope had had it put into his head that if he published the *motu proprio*, he could not avoid publishing a Bull of Suppression as soon as two months later; and this had alarmed him, as he had not yet come to an understanding with the non-soliciting Courts, nor made arrangements to continue the studies in the schools from which the Jesuits had been ejected. At this early stage of the new year Clement had also hit on a new and valuable pretext for delay. He had managed to gain over Carlos III. to the scheme of making the publication of the Bull of Suppression<sup>4</sup> simultaneous with the Beatification of the Venerable Palafox, who in his days had been their resolute adversary and whom they were charged with having persecuted. Don Carlos was attracted by a scheme which would give so much more force and solemnity to the act of suppression, but de Bernis saw more clearly what the scheme meant. "His Holiness," he wrote<sup>5</sup> in the following autumn, "has hitherto found a means of suspending the expedition of the Brief by flattering the King of Spain with the hope of seeing the Venerable Palafox beatified, and has told him that this is the necessary preliminary to the Suppression. . . . This

<sup>1</sup> D'Aiguillon to de Bernis, June 18, 1771. Theiner, ii. 118.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* ii. p. 106.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* ii. p. 108.

<sup>4</sup> Azpuru to Grimaldi, January 31, 1771. Apud Danvila, *ibid.* p. 439.

<sup>5</sup> Bernis to d'Aiguillon, November 9, 1771. Apud Theiner, ii. 125.

Cause of Beatification is not yet at an end, and perhaps will take years to complete." Of the remaining points of interest in the negotiations of 1771 we need only notice one : De Bernis began to feel that his influence with the Pope, of which he had previously boasted, must have either been less than he supposed or was slipping away from him. In his letter, already cited, of November 9, 1771, he gives an interesting description of the Pope's *entourage*. His Holiness keeps all at a distance save Marefoschi, Bischì, and a few others, but has besides them an inner circle about him, the principal figures of which are Fra Buontempi, his Secretary, and Fra Francesco, his Major-domo, both friars of his own Order. It is Fra Buontempi who really rules the Pope, and this friar is jealous lest Marefoschi should dispossess him. From all which de Bernis deduces the necessity, if he is to hold his ground, of bribing Buontempi, or as he puts it delicately, "of taking means in reference to P. Buontempi, who never quits the Pope's side." D'Aiguillon's own character was not one to invite respect, but he answered on this occasion with dignity that "the King of France does not think it consistent with his dignity to gain over these pretended depositaries of the secrets of the Vatican."<sup>1</sup>

And so the year 1771 spun out its course, and left the Courts with the feeling that they were exactly where they were in the middle of 1769. The Pope had indeed given a written promise in the autumn of 1769, but he had several times reminded de Bernis that he had never tied himself to any fixed time of fulfilment. He had only tied himself to suppress the Society when a suitable opportunity arrived, and this apparently was never going to happen. And as for the ambassadors, all their counsels, all their remonstrances, all their implied threats had buried themselves vainly in the sandy ramparts of the Pope's reassurances. Or, as the pert Almada put it, as often as the ambassadors met together to concert measures, it was as if de Bernis sat in the middle and sang *Per omnia sæcula sæculorum*, whilst Orsini and Azpuru responded *Amen*.<sup>2</sup>

S. F. S.

<sup>1</sup> Theiner, *ibid.* p. 119.

<sup>2</sup> Masson, *op. cit.* p. 205.

## *A Sixteenth Century Surgeon.*

WHEN Metz was besieged by Charles V. in 1552, and defended for France by the Duc de Guise, the latter wrote to the King, his master, a curt, decisive message :

I will hold out for ten months if need be ; I have men, arms, and provisions ; but my men are dying like flies, of disease and neglect. Send me *Maitre Ambroise*, or I can answer for nothing.

Lovers of the great Dumas, and of the immortal *d'Artagnan* and his comrades, know well the magic of that name ; and when our hero of a hundred fights (be he *d'Artagnan* or another) is carried, covered with wounds and glory, from the battlefield, or falls, by some unhappy chance, into a murderous ambuscade, if to his sick-bed comes "the King's surgeon," we may be sure that all will go well ! Many a time, indeed, have we scanned anxiously the great Alexander's vivid word-painting of some historic engagement or fictitious duel, trembling for the fate of its victim, till—"the door opened, and *Maitre Ambroise Paré* entered." "Ah," we breathe softly to ourselves, "then he is saved !"

This pioneer of modern surgery, as we may in some sense term him, lived and practised within the reigns of François I., Henri II., François II., Charles IX. (he was in the zenith of his fame at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew), Henri III. the frivolous, and the well beloved Henri Quatre, within whose reign he died, after fifty years and more spent in the service and succour of his fellow-countrymen, leaving the lustre of an undying name, not so much for the brilliance of his science, as for the marvellous personality, strong sense, and energetic methods of his practice. The medicines which he prescribed were indeed then and for long after that quaint and gruesome conglomeration of potion and philtre which included *molten gold, stewed puppies, earthworms, mummy dust, ivory or*

bone scrapings, and steeped essence of unicorn's horn: the surgery was that of lancet and cautery, the blood-letting and the red-hot iron, but he brought to their use a keen insight into disease, a patient study, an intelligent and watchful treatment, which went far to atone for the lack of scientific knowledge common to that time, when the great discoveries of modern surgery were as yet undreamt of.

The little that is known of Ambroise Paré's childhood shows promise of the great surgeon's future career, as the anecdote telling how, when playing with other children, one of his little companions fell and cut his forehead open. The gaping wound terrified the other children, and with one accord they turned and fled, leaving the boy half fainting on the ground. Young Ambroise, left alone, with perfect composure lifted the child, carried him to a neighbouring stream, and washed the wound, bandaged it carefully, and led the boy home.

Fortunately for his son, and still more, perhaps, for France, the father, a small tradesman in the country town of Laval (Mayenne), seems to have recognized his son's vocation, and thus Paré was spared that too frequent experience of youthful genius, the being forced to adopt an uncongenial line of life. As soon as he was able to leave his home he was apprenticed to a "surgeon-barber," the usual general practitioner of those days, in his native town. Here he learned all the quaint old methods of the time, mixing herb-potions for the sick and ointments for the wounded; though there was little of medicine proper, and much of the rude and barbarous surgery of the middle ages, in the early practice of Maître Ambroise. He learned how and when to bleed his patients, "an ounce of blood-letting" being then the almost universal panacea for every human ill; and how many lives were thus drained of their best strength, the shades of those old leeches alone can tell us! As to the surgery then in vogue, it was something so barbarous, that, as its own history records, many patients chose rather to die than to call in a surgeon; and it must have added to the terrors of warfare to reflect that after all its actual penalties of cold, fatigue, deprivation, and wounds, would probably follow the worse tortures of the surgeon's knife. Can one imagine anything more horrible than the treatment of an amputated limb; no beneficent chloroform to steep the senses in forgetfulness, or even the alleviation of gentle, womanly fingers to bind and anoint the sufferer, but butcher-like hacking-



off the limb, and the bleeding wound then plunged into boiling oil, as the only known means of arresting hemorrhage! Other wounds were burned with a hot iron, as if in danger of rabies, the then universal theory being that all sword cuts or gunshot wounds were *poisoned*.

Maitre Ambroise Paré, then, went through his course of training, and cut and burned with the rest. His daily life as a surgeon-barber's apprentice may be gathered from this description in *Le Chirugien Medecin*, published long after his time:

The cock has scarce done crowing, when the apprentice must rise to sweep and throw open the shop, lest he lose the least payment that the tricks of the trade may bring him—some early beard to be shaved. From this time on to two o'clock, there are fifty customers; he must comb the wigs, hang about the parlour or the staircase selling his stock, put folks hair in curl-papers, cut or singe it. Towards evening, if the young man wishes to improve his mind, he will take a book; but the dulness and weariness of learning, which arise from lack of use, soon cause him to fall asleep, from which he is roused only by the door-bell, which summons him to some rustic customer. Never was a servant so put upon nor white man so strive to make profit out of his black slaves, as a master barber-surgeon tries to make gain out of the meagre bread and water fare of his apprentice. Unless it is their afternoon out, he will not let them attend a lecture or leave the shop lest some beard should come to be cut. That is why the [university] professors give their lectures as early as four o'clock in the morning, out of kindness to these unfortunate young men.

As for the lectures referred to here, if, as we are told, the honour of the Universities required that they should be delivered in Latin, these youthful students can have benefited little by them; for to Paré, at all events, it ever remained a *dead* language, as he tells us himself:

I desire not to arrogate to myself that I have read Galen either in Greek or Latin; for it did not please God to be so gracious to my youth that it should be instructed either in the one tongue or the other.

And although, in boyhood, his father had sent him to the chaplain of one of the neighbouring nobles to study Latin, that worthy kept his pupil at work rather in the garden or stable than in the study, probably after the fashion of the immortal Squeers: "Spell window. . . . Now go and clean



the windows!" "Decline *mule*. . . . Now go and drive the mule in!"

One unwitting service this self-seeking chaplain rendered the boy Paré; having a friend staying with him on whom the then great surgeon of the day, Laurence Colot, came down from Paris to perform an operation, Paré, the young barber's apprentice, was called in to assist, and the sight seems to have given him a further impulse towards the study of surgery, and induced him to bid farewell to his native town and go to Paris, where we find him established about the year 1533 in the midst of the plague then raging there, he being at that time about twenty-three years old.

The Paris of those days was old Paris—the Paris of the *Moyen Age*,—walled, fortified, and consisting principally of what is now *le quartier vieux* around Notre Dame, south of the Seine. It held within its walls some 150,000 inhabitants, and the Louvre and other great buildings were in course of erection, while Notre Dame, la Sainte Chapelle, and the Hôtel Dieu, were already built. In this world-renowned hospital, founded by a Bishop of Paris in the seventh century, and enlarged by St. Louis in the thirteenth, Paré had the good fortune to obtain an appointment as *compagnon chirurgien*, or what we should now call house surgeon; and here he lived within its walls for three or four years, attending lectures, practising among both in and out patients, and generally qualifying himself for independent practice, during a period when the horrors of the plague were added to all the usual diseases and disasters incident to a great city.

Having exhausted these experiences, he then turned to the next great opportunity for practice and advancement, usual in those days, and went off to the wars in the train of a certain Colonel Montauban or Monte-jean, there being at that time no other means of doing ambulance work than as private physician to some noble or commander in the field. There was no recognized medical service for the army, nor were there chaplains for the rank and file; but a number of irregular practitioners, "barber-surgeons," qualified or not, followed the troops, together with women skilled in the dressing of wounds. The more distinguished among them were attached, as we have said, to individual commanders, and feudal seigneurs had their own surgeons and physicians, as they had their own chaplains and their company of soldiers. Paré attached himself first to

one great man and then to another, until he obtained a more recognized position in 1552 by being appointed one of the King's surgeons-in-ordinary. Long before this, however, he had passed the necessary examination which qualified him as a "master barber-surgeon." The corporation into which he was thus admitted, seems to have been instituted about the beginning of the fourteenth century; its head was the King's chief barber, and its religious centre the Church of St. Sepulchre, SS. Cosmas and Damian being its patrons. The members took or renewed an annual oath upon St. Luke's day, just as the lawyers met yearly under the patronage of St. Yves. Paré appears to have passed two examinations to obtain the title of Master, together with his friend, Théodore de Héry, paying a fee to each examiner and another to the Faculty of Medicine.

A perpetual feud seems to have existed between the three medical bodies of that time: the physicians, the surgeons, and the barber-surgeons. Paré belonged to the last, and least in rank of these, at least up to the year 1554, when he was admitted into the Confraternity of St. Cosmas, otherwise, the College of Surgeons; and his very natural sense of his own worth caused him, some time later, to desire supreme jurisdiction over that body, which, however, he failed in obtaining. The truth was, that Maître Paré's professional standpoint had been reached rather by practice and experience than by book-learning, and his *confrères* in the confraternity resented his popularity and sneered at his ignorance of Latin. The barber-surgeons of France held most of the general practice (as we should call it) of the day, from bleeding to various minor operations; while the surgeon proper was called in for graver matters, and the physician for fevers and other maladies. But all three branches were in a chronic state of wrangling, jealousy, and mutual interference with one another's prerogatives. When Paré returned from the wars, however, full of experience and of honours, the Confraternity of Surgeons were only too anxious to admit him as one of their members, and after a somewhat perfunctory examination, during which he had to read a Latin thesis (of which he probably understood not one word), he solemnly received, in church, a Master's degree. The whole proceeding was doubtless slightly informal, and was satirized, some time afterwards, in the following manner:

The surgeon is to the physician what the dentist is to the surgeon.  
... Among surgeons who are excellent in practice, there are some

(everybody knows whom I mean, without my having to name them) who cannot decline their own names. We have seen them called from the barber's shop to be Masters of Surgery, and admitted gratis against the rules, for fear the barbers, their superior skill being recognized, should put the college to shame; we have heard them declaiming, in the prettiest way in the world, the Latin that someone else had breathed into them, and no more understanding what they said than school children set to repeat Greek speeches.

We possess a vivid and detailed account of Paré's career during the thirty eventful years which he spent with the army, in a work published by him in 1585, when he was about seventy-five years old, written in answer to an attack made on him by one of his antagonists, Etienne Gourmelin, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, entitled *Apologie et Traicte contenant les Voyages faicts en divers Lieulx*.

Gourmelin appears to have taken exception to Paré's principal innovation in surgical practice, viz., the use of the ligature *after amputation* as well as at other times, instead of the then universal method of a plunge into boiling oil; and Paré, in his answer, acknowledges himself to have been the first operator to adopt that treatment, which, he insists, he has found, not in theory alone, but by hard practical experience, to yield the best results. He proceeds, with something of the garrulousness of age, to give examples, in a detailed history of the wars in which he had played a part.

You say you will teach me my lesson in the operations of surgery [he writes], which I think you cannot do; for I did not learn them in my study, or by hearing for many years the lectures of physicians; but I was resident for three years in the hospital of Paris, where I was able to see and learn much of the work of surgery upon an infinity of sick folk, with anatomy on a quantity of dead bodies; as I have often given proof in public at the Schools of Medicine in Paris. And my good luck has made me see much more than this. For being called to the service of the Kings of France (four of whom I have served), I have been in company at battles, skirmishes, assaults, and besiegings of towns and fortresses; as also I have been shut up in towns with the besieged, having charge to dress the wounded. Also, I have dwelt many years in this great and famous city of Paris, where, thanks be to God, I have always lived in very good reputation with all men, and have not held the lowest rank among those of my estate; seeing there has not been found a cure, were it never so great and difficult, that my hand and judgment have not been required. Now will you dare to say you will teach me to perform the works of surgery, you who

have never yet come out of your study? . . . I believe you have never come out of your study, save to teach theory (if you have even been able to do that). But the operations of surgery are learned by the eye and by the hand. . . . See now, *mon petit maistre*, my answer to your calumnies; and I pray you, if you have a good mind towards the public, to review and correct your book as soon as you can, not to keep young surgeons in error by reading therein, where you teach them to use hot irons after the amputation of the limbs to stanch the blood, seeing there is another way not so cruel, and more sure and easy.

He then tells his readers, in all simplicity, how he came to discard the then universal treatment of gunshot wounds for a more humane one, as follows:

It is true I had read in John de Vigo, first book, "Of Wounds in general," eighth chapter, that wounds made by firearms partake of venenosity, by reason of the powder; and for their cure he bids you cauterize them with oil of elders scalding hot, mixed with a little treacle. And to make no mistake, before I would use the said oil, knowing this was to bring great pain to the patient, I asked first, before I applied it, what the other surgeons did for the first dressing; which was to put the said oil, boiling well, into the wounds, with tents and setons; wherefore I took courage to do as they did. At last my oil ran short, and I was forced instead thereof to apply a digestive made of the yolks of eggs, oil of roses, and turpentine. In the night I could not sleep in quiet, fearing some default in not cauterizing, that I should find the wounded to whom I had not used the said oil dead from the poison of their wounds; which made me rise very early to visit them, where beyond my expectation I found that those to whom I had applied my digestive medicament had but little pain, and their wounds without inflammation or swelling, having rested fairly well that night; the others, to whom the boiling oil was used, I found feverish, with great pain and swelling about the edges of their wounds. Then I resolved never more to burn thus cruelly poor men with gunshot wounds.

While I was at Turin, I found a surgeon famed above all others for his treatment of gunshot wounds; into whose favour I found means to insinuate myself, to have the recipe of his balm, as he called it, wherewith he dressed gunshot wounds. And he made me pay my court to him for two years, before I could possibly draw the recipe from him. In the end, thanks to my gifts and presents, he gave it to me; which was to boil, in oil of lilies, young whelps just born, and earthworms prepared with Venetian turpentine. Then I was joyful, and my heart was glad, that I had understood his remedy, which was like that which I had obtained by chance.

See how I learned to treat gunshot wounds; not by books.

The fame of this wonderful *chirurgien*, whose balms and ointments so soothed and healed the wounded, soon spread among both nobles and soldiers, and when, as we have already told, the Duc de Guise begged for Paré from the King, and he was successfully smuggled through the enemy's lines into beleaguered Metz,

God guided our business so well, that we entered into the town at midnight, thanks to a signal the captain had with another captain of the company of M. de Guise; to whom I went, and found him in bed, and he received me with high favour, being right glad at my company.

I gave him my message as the King had commanded me, and told him I had a little letter for him, and the next day I would not fail to deliver it. Then he ordered me a good lodging, and that I should be well treated, and said I must not fail next morning to be upon the breach, where I should find all the princes and seigneurs, and many captains. Which I did, and they received me with great joy, and did me the honour to embrace me, and tell me I was welcome; adding they would be no more afraid of dying, if they should happen to be wounded.

He describes, in detail, his services during the siege, and when it was raised, the day after Christmas Day

after the camp was wholly dispersed, I distributed my patients into the hands of the surgeons of the town, to finish dressing them; then I took leave of M. de Guise, and returned to the King, who received me with great favour, and asked me how I had been able to make my way into Metz. I told him fully all that I had done. He gave me two hundred crowns, and an hundred which I had when I set out; and said he would never leave me poor. Then I thanked him very humbly for the good and the honour he was pleased to do me.

It was this same Duc de Guise who, while besieging Boulogne, had been wounded by a lance which entered his skull just above the right eye, and passed out by the back of the neck. Paré was called in, and, as a desperate remedy, pulled out the splinter of wood with a pair of smith's pinchers. The Duke was saved, and was ever after nicknamed *le Balafré*.

In the following year, 1553, the King sent him to Hesdin, then about to be invested by the Emperor Charles, and here

I had my work cut out for me, and had no rest day or night for dressing the wounded. . . . *Mon petit maistre*, if you had been there, you would have been much hindered with your hot irons; you

would have wanted a lot of charcoal to heat them red, and sure you would have been killed like a calf for your cruelty. . . . *Mon petit maistre*, if you had been there, no doubt you could have given them jelly, restoratives, gravies, pressed meats, broth, barley-water, almond-milk, blanchmange, prunes, plums, and other food proper for the sick ; but your diet would have been only on paper, and in fact they had nothing but the beef of old shrunk cows, seized round Hesdin, for our provision, salted and half-cooked, so that he who should eat it must drag at it with his teeth, as birds of prey tear their food. Nor must I forget the linen for dressing their wounds, which was only washed daily and dried at the fire, till it was as hard as parchment : I leave you to think how their wounds could do well. There were four big rascally women who had charge to whiten the linen, and were kept at it with the stick ; and yet they had not water enough to do it, much less soap. That is how the poor patients died, for want of food and other necessary things. . . . I slept neither night nor day for the great number of the wounded, who were about two hundred. The dead were advanced in putrefaction, piled one upon the other, like faggots, and not covered with earth, because there was none. And if I went into a soldier's lodging, there were soldiers waiting at the door for me when I came out, for me to dress others ; it was who should have me, and they carried me like the body of a saint, with my feet off the ground, fighting for me.

The fees which he received over and above the King's payments, referred to above, were sometimes quaint. A cask of wine, "and more where that came from," from one knightly patient, a horse or a jewel from another, here a sum of money, there, a bag of uncounted gold, all was according to the means or inclination of the giver ; as

M. de Bassompierre, colonel of twelve hundred horse, was wounded by a similar shot, in the same place, as M. de Mansfeld, whom I dressed and God healed. God blessed my work so well, that in three weeks I sent them back to Paris, where I had still to make incisions in M. de Mansfeld's arm to remove some pieces of the bones, which were badly splintered, broken, and carious. He was healed by the grace of God, and made me a handsome present, so I was well content with him and he with me, as he has shown me since.

Besides the *Voyages en divers Lieux*, Paré wrote several other works ; indeed, he is said to have written on almost every conceivable subject save art and politics, and has managed to fill no less than twenty-eight volumes with anatomy, physiology, medicine, surgery, obstetrics, treatises on nursing, on natural history, on demonology, and astrology, and various other topics. How he contrived to find time, in his busy and eventful life, for



so much pen work, is not the least of the many marvels of his eighty years' life; and is only another instance of the well-known fact, that the busiest life holds the most capacity for work. He tells us, in the preface to one of the later editions of his collected works, that

God is my witness, and men are not ignorant of it, that I have laboured more than forty years to throw light on the art of surgery and bring it to perfection. And in this labour I have striven so hard to attain my end, that the ancients have naught wherein to excel us, save the discovery of first principles; and posterity will not be able to surpass us, save by some additions, such as are easily made to things already discovered.

And although "posterity" may smile at the too rash prophecy concerning it on which he ventures, it may, on the other hand, well stand amazed at the extent and thoroughness of his work. We must remember, too, that there were no skilled nurses in his time. The physician who desired the life of his patient (and besides his professional pride, there was not unfrequently no small danger to his own life or liberty in the fatal termination to an illustrious patient's malady) must needs bandage and dress wounds, supervise the cooking, purify the room with sweet herbs, change sheets, give baths, and, in fine, perform all the thousand and one offices required about a sick-bed. As he says himself, on one occasion, "I did my patient the office of physician, surgeon, apothecary, and cook."

A portion of his works bear, more or less, on some recent event, such as "On the method of curing Wounds in the Head," suggested, as we are told, by the death of his royal master, Henri II.; and *A Treatise on the Plague*, recapitulating the results of his early work in Paris. He is fully convinced that the plague is a direct visitation from God, in punishment for sin, national or individual; but gives "the two natural general causes" of that scourge of the Middle Ages, as "the infection of the air and the visitation of the humours of the body, so that men are predisposed to take the plague from the air." And, for its treatment, "we must fortify the heart with antidotes and draw to the surface the products of the disease, and treat the troubles as they come, altering our remedies according to them."

It is difficult to realize, while perusing Paré's writings, that he was ignorant of such everyday facts as the circulation of the blood; neither had he any thermometer, microscope, or stethoscope; no anesthetics, nor antiseptics (spontaneous generation



was the universally accepted theory, and the gaping wounds of the fallen in battle swarmed with maggots, as we are told); he had not even completely shaken himself clear of the old belief that moon and stars influenced the course of a malady, and advised that the operation for cataract "be not undertaken when the sun is *in Aries*, which has dominion over the head;" while he sometimes half-pathetically pleads that "if things went wrong, owing to this great malignancy of the wounds in the civil wars, the surgeon was not to be blamed, for it were a sin to fight against God and the air, wherein are the hidden scourges of Divine justice."

After the Battle of St. Quentin in 1557, and the general peace which ensued, Paré returned to Paris, having passed more than twenty years with the armies of France in various places, besides occasional residence in Paris, being then forty-eight years old. The next four years passed quietly enough, in private and Court practice, as first surgeon to the then reigning Sovereign, Henri II. Two children were born to him and his wife after several years of childlessness (they were married in 1541), their firstborn having died fourteen years before. He bought houses and added to his property, and remained a favourite at Court, even with the fierce and sinister-minded Queen-Mother, at whose command he wrote the treatise on the plague already referred to. The lovely young Dauphine, Marie Stuart, also knew and liked him well, and the young gallants about the Court called the use of his remedies "living on ambrosia," a very feeble jest to be so long remembered!

During these four years the great internal troubles between Huguenots and Court were brewing, and the Civil War, Condé and Coligny against the Guises and the Throne, broke out in 1562. The strength of the Huguenot party in the provinces was almost incredible, and Philip of Spain having sent a force of three thousand Spaniards to the assistance of the King, Elizabeth of England contributed a like number of English to the Huguenots ranks; the result being that a fearful religious war soon raged, which lasted on and off for more than thirty years, and ended only with the conversion of the Huguenot chief, Henri de Navarre, to the Catholic Faith. Paré was in the thick of it; sometimes in Paris, at other times travelling with the King and Court, his hands were never empty, yet he found time to publish, in 1561, a work on curing Head Wounds, and one on Universal Anatomy; in 1568, his treatise on the

Plague, and another on Surgery, in ten books, and various other volumes later.

The publication of his collected works, in various editions from 1575 to 1585, gave rise to much angry discussion and opposition from the Medical Faculty of Paris. They held meetings to stop its publication, they petitioned Parliament for decrees against him, they apostrophized their rivals, the surgeons and the civil authorities, urging that Paré was impudent and ignorant, that his writings were immoral and indecent (their real objection on this score was to his having written in French instead of Latin), and that he was "only a barber-surgeon, thrust into the ranks of the surgeons by the King." Paré exposed many of their objections in a sparkling little pamphlet, in which he tells the world that

for more than thirty years I have been printing my treatises on Surgery; which not only have been opposed by no man, but were received by one and all with favour and applause; which made me think, if I gathered them together, I should be doing a thing very agreeable to the public. Which I having accomplished, and that at an expense past thinking—when I would make them see the light, lo and behold, the physicians and the surgeons have set themselves to obscure and quench them, for this sole reason, that I wrote them in our mother-tongue, in phrases quite easy to be understood. The physicians feared lest all who should get the book into their hands would be advised how to take care of themselves in time of sickness, and would not be at the pains to call them in. The surgeons were afraid lest the barbers, reading these my works, would receive full instruction in all the operations of surgery, and would come to be as good as themselves, and so trespass on their domains. For the rest, both parties in general were moved by wilful hate, envy, and jealousy, to see Ambroise Paré in some reputation as a man well-esteemed in his profession.

He modified, however, some points in a succeeding edition, and later on caused his surgical works to be translated into Latin and republished in that language in 1582.

On the famous eve of St. Bartholomew, Maître Ambroise was in no little danger; suspected as he was of leanings towards what was rather equivocally called "the Religion," and poor half-demented Charles IX., whose chief surgeon he was, and who was wildly shouting "Kill! kill!" as the murderous mobs rushed past his windows,

never had a wish to save one of them, except Maître Ambroise Paré; and he sent for him to come that night into his chamber, commanding

him not to stir out of it ; and said it was not reasonable that one who was worth a whole world of men should be thus murdered, and he would not urge him, no more than he would urge his old nurse, to change his religion.

That his contemporaries looked upon him as a Huguenot at heart, there can be little doubt ; but so small is the evidence on either side that his latest biographer<sup>1</sup> is able to assert :

I am convinced that he was never wholly Huguenot, and became almost wholly Catholic ; not only for the sake of safety, but because he was loyal, quiet, and conservative ; a man who heartily disliked change, self-will, scepticism, controversy, politics, and foreigners.

And we believe that, as he said himself, his mental attitude towards the whole question was this :

I say I will not enter into the holy inner chamber of God, and it is not for me to settle such high matters.

As far as external appearances went, he lived near, and his family probably attended, his own parish church of St. André des Arcs, whose Curé was a violent Leaguer ; he was married there, and his children were there baptized ; his home, when not with the army, being in Paris, where, up to the year 1555, no "Reformed" place of worship existed, and there is no indication of his having frequented any such place. He was, as his writings testify, a man full of profound and simple faith in God's dealings with man ; and religion for him was so deep and sacred a thing, as not to be lightly spoken of. He relates, it is true, that an attempt was once made to poison him by some who believed him to be "of the Religion," as the phrase went, on which he commented thus :

My enemies have wickedly chosen to drag into the matter this word Religion, to make me hated of all good men. For it was used by me, not to glorify myself for having followed this way of thinking, but lest the reader should think they attempted my life because I committed some great crime. Still less did I use it to show that those who follow the Holy Catholic Church of Rome take illicit means to get rid of their enemies. For I hereby declare, and it is absolutely certain, that this poisoner was neither of the one religion nor of the other, but only a libertine without fear of God.

He believed most firmly in the power of the saints to cure diseases, and in their intercession ; as well as in possession, witchcraft, and other works of the devil ; and expressions of

<sup>1</sup> S. Paget.

faith and trust in God for help and direction occur frequently in his writings, as when he writes of surgeons :

Above all things they must remember that they are called of God to this vocation for the exercise of surgery ; therefore they should go to it with a high courage free from all fear, having firm faith that God both gives and takes away our lives as and when it pleases Him ; but, as I have said before, they must not neglect and despise preservative remedies, or we should be plainly guilty of ingratitude, since God has given them to us, having done all things for our good.

And when he is called in to a certain noble patient :

Having seen him, I went a walk in a garden, and prayed God that He would show me His grace, that he might recover ; and that He would bless our hands and our medicaments, to fight such a complication of diseases. I discussed in my mind the means I must take to do this.

No one who has read any portion of Paré's writings can fail to have been struck with the oft-recurring expression, "I dressed him, God healed him ;" "whom I dressed and God healed." It is so characteristic a phrase, that, in the School of Medicine in Paris, the marble bust of Ambroise Paré which now adorns the great entrance-hall, bears on its base the words : *Je le pansay, Dieu le guarit.*

"M. Paré, do you believe you will be saved in the next world?" asked the terrible Catherine di Medici of him once. "Surely, Madame," he answered her, "for I do what I can to be a good man in this world, and God is merciful, giving ear well to all languages, and alike satisfied whether one prays to Him in French or in Latin."

The last appearance of the great surgeon in the pages of history, is one worthy of a long life spent in the service of humanity. When Henri de Navarre, still a Huguenot, had advanced, flushed with victory from the famous Battle of Ivry, upon Paris, that Catholic city resolved rather to endure all the horrors of a siege, than open its gates to the *panache blanche* of the heretic leader. So his army invested it, and the siege was terrible. Historians, indeed, have likened it to that awful siege of Jerusalem, when the starving populace fed on offal, and dead bodies, and even little children. Paré was there, bearing hunger and privation with the rest, and giving, one doubts not, his utmost services in despite of old age (he was then eighty years old) to his fellow-townsmen. Unhappily, those whose sympathies should have been most awake to the

sufferings of the unhappy townspeople, sometimes showed a hard-hearted arrogance unworthy of their position and profession ; and so, as we are told, one proud prelate, the Archbishop of Lyons, swept through the streets in purple and fine linen, attended by his retinue, intent rather on firing the zeal of the combatants upon the walls, than on succouring the miserable crowd of starving men and women who cried out, as he passed, for bread.

Je me souviens [writes his chronicler, Pierre de l'Estoile] qu' environ huit ou dix jours au plus avant la levée du siège, M. de Lyon, passant au bout du pont St. Michel, comme il se trouva assiégé d'une foule de menu peuple mourant de faim, qui lui criaient et lui demandaient du pain ou la mort, et ne s'en sachant comment dépestrer, Maître Ambroise Paré, qui se rencontra là, vint lui dire tout haut : " Monseigneur, ce pauvre peuple que vous voyez ici autour de vous, meurt de mâle rage de faim, et vous demandent misericorde. Pour Dieu, Monsieur, faites-la-lui, si vous voulez que Dieu vous la fasse, et songez un peu à la dignité en laquelle Dieu vous a constitué, et que les cris de ses pauvres gens, qui montent jusqu'au ciel, sont autant d'ajournements que Dieu vous envoie pour penser à votre charge, de laquelle vous lui estes responsable. Et pourtant, selon icelle et la puissance que nous sçavons tous que vous y avez, procurez nous la paix ou donnez-nous de quoy vivre, car le pauvre monde n'en peut plus. Voyez vous pas que Paris périt au gré des meschants qui veulent empescher l'œuvre de Dieu, qui est la paix ? Opposez-vous y fermement, Monsieur, prenant en main la cause de ce pauvre peuple affligé, et Dieu vous bénira et vous le rendra."

The proud prelate, little used to hear such language addressed to himself, and of too high a temper, ordinarily, to brook censure, listened astounded to this passionate tirade, and to the surprise of all, answered not a word, but passed on his way in silence, remarking afterwards to some of his retinue that ce bonhomme l'avait tout estonné, et qu' encore que ce fust un langage de politique que le sien, toute fois qu'il l'avait resveillé et fait penser à beaucoup de choses.

A few days later the siege was raised, and not long afterwards the gentle, brave old man had quietly sunk to rest, in his own house, the *maison de la Vache*, in the rue de l'Hirondelle, near the Church of St. André and what is now the Quai des Augustins, leaving as widow his second wife, Jacqueline. No son survived him, though he had had by his first wife three, and by the second six children, of whom one daughter by his first wife and two by the second alone remained.

T. L. L. TEELING.

### The "*Vendemmia*" in Italy.

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SEPTEMBER in Italy is quite an ideal month. It is hot, yes, but the sun has grown somewhat less ardent in his caresses to fair mother earth, and away from the crowded cities coolness is obtainable by sea and mountain. It is, however, in the heart of the green country that it bears its most fascinating aspect, for it is the time of the vintage, and the luscious grapes having drunk their fill of summer sunshine are waiting to be plucked and trodden in the wine-press. It is an eminently picturesque sight, this gathering of the grapes. The *vigna* with its clusters of green and purple fruit is crowded with scores of *contadini*, men and women, who fill the large baskets amid jest and laughter, childishly happy in the present moment as is the characteristic of their nation. And, after all, it is a wise philosophy. The southern sky is tenderly, translucently blue, the soft air fans their faces, the grapes have prospered, and the wine will find a ready market. It is autumn, gorgeous autumn, and why should the breath of coming winter and possible misfortunes chill the present sunshine of content? Some of the peasants, lithe of limb and graceful with the grace of untrained and unfettered nature, are mounted on ladders to pick the highest clusters; others are gathering the lowest, and each basket as it is filled is borne off to a large wain into which its contents are poured. A *contadino*, with features that Murillo would have immortalized, and dreamy southern eyes, whose yearning gaze strongly belies their owner's character, is singing a Neapolitan love-song; a woman's laugh rings out upon the balmy air, two olive-checked girls are pelting one another with glossy vine-leaves, and the stolid-faced oxen, decorated with gaily-tinted ribbons, stand patiently waiting to carry home their fragrant freight. There is a golden haze resting on the amethyst crested hills, their ridges clearly defined against the azure of the unclouded sky, and the ceaseless note of the short-



livid *cicale* sounds monotonously from amongst the branches of yonder whispering trees.

It is Italy, pure and undiluted, far from the din and bustle of modernity, the rush of electricity, the noise of motors, and the usually all pervading presence of the Cockney tourist, and the subtle undefinable magic of Italy is in the very atmosphere which surrounds us.

When the grapes are all gathered they are piled high in luscious clusters into immense stone vats and covered with vine leaves, and then the bare-legged peasants tread down the berries while the juice flows freely into the stone butt prepared for its reception. As they are crushed more are heaped in, and it is no little exertion to keep them under. As soon as one man shows signs of weariness his place is taken by another, and so it goes on until all the grapes are squeezed dry. The skins are then placed in a wooden press which results in a weaker and more ordinary quality of wine, to which water is frequently added.

Story, in his *Roba di Roma*, has given many interesting details concerning the *Vendemmia*, of which the following may be here appropriately inserted. "The juice after it is expressed is poured into large butts and covered over. For weeks it boils and bubbles in violent fermentation, throwing to the surface all the dirt, stalks, and extraneous substances that may have fallen into it. This is constantly skimmed and thrown away. Therefore, my most fastidious friends, do not let your pleasure in drinking the Italian wine be marred by thoughts of the uncleanness of the feet that tread it out. Not only are they washed and scrubbed well before the grapes are danced upon, but, even were they not, the boiling wine would throw off in its scum every particle of uncleanness. It is not till the day of All Saints that the wine has become quiet enough to drink, and then it is crude and *ascuilto*. By January it has become refined, so that its flavour can really be judged." Since the days when Story wrote his *Roba di Roma*, however, wine-making has progressed in Italy, and a great deal of the process is now performed by machinery. But in many places the wine-press is still trodden by the brown feet of men and laughing maidens.

It is an interesting fact that the dried grape skins and stems after they are burned and reduced to charcoal dust, form the foundation of the blackest and most durable ink. Large quantities of them are imported for this purpose into England,

and from them is manufactured the ink used in printing bank-notes. In the Roman province the vines are trained upon cane poles placed at equal distances, and frequently interlaced, and near the house there is almost always a covered arbour over which the vines are twisted in rich luxuriance, and this surmounts a *loggia*, into whose green shadow the sun but rarely penetrates. The vines in Italy are admirably cultivated, and more pains are taken over their production than is the case with any other fruit or vegetable, but as regards the actual *making* of the wine there is a good deal left to be desired. It has been said that "were the Romans as careful and skilful as the French in their modes of manufacture, they might produce wine equal if not superior to the best wines of Burgundy." But as it is, a large portion of the juice extracted is only fit to be used for brandy, and is exported for that purpose. One reason for this failure lies in the lack of selection and distribution of the grapes. Good, bad, and indifferent stems and all are thrown together in one great vat, with the result that the wine is seldom or never as good as it *might* be were more pains taken in its preparation.

By far the strongest wine is that which hails from the vineyards of Genzano and Velletri, and the lightest and most delicate is the pale, yellow-coloured beverage which comes from Orvieto. It is sweet and somewhat reminiscent of cider, with perhaps just a faint flavour of champagne. The villages of the Castelli Romani produce strong pure wine, and the red and white Frascati are both good and harmless. In Capri also the wine is good, but it does not follow that a bottle or flask bearing that label is produced from the grapes grown on that lovely but limited island. Unlike Shakespeare, Italian wine-sellers place great value in a "name," and charge accordingly. The famous Est Est Est wine grown in the neighbourhood of Montefiascone is very rich and sweet and owes its name to a story told of the Bishop Johann Fugger. He was a careful prelate, and one who did not wish to be taken in with inferior wine, so whenever he travelled he sent his servant on scout for the best cellars. Whenever the man found a vintage which he thought would appeal pleasantly to his master's palate, he wrote on the walls of the town or village the Latin word *est*—"it is," and on arriving at Montefiascone his enthusiasm over the wine of that place impelled him to repeat the word *three* times, to signify its super-excellence.

The wine when made is still, in some parts of Italy, kept in sheepskins after the fashion of the ancients, but as a general rule it is stored in large butts and drawn off into small casks to be carried to Rome and other cities. The days of the tall two-wheeled wine-carts are gone by, but the effect must have been quaintly picturesque. They have been described as follows by a well-known writer: "A triangular hood covered with rough undressed sheepskin, and supported on poles, is fixed on the left side of the *carretta*, under the shade of which the driver sits and sleeps as he jars along the road. It is drawn by one horse, whose headstall is decorated with a tall pom-pom, or tuft of cock's feathers, rising between his ears. The saddle is surmounted by handles or horns studded thickly over with brass nails, and suspended between them is a thin circular or semi-lunar brass plate that revolves in its sockets with every movement of the horse. Under his stomach and close to his jaw is a string of bells that jingle as he goes. A little dog of the Pomeranian breed invariably accompanies the *carretta*, sleeps, eats, and lodges there, faithfully guarding it day and night, and showing his white teeth with a sharp, piercing and continuous yell rather than bark if any one approaches it." The *carrettieri*, or those who convey the wine into the city for which it is destined, usually start on their journeys in the cool of the evening hours and, if their journeys be long, resting during the great heat so that the wine shall not be fermented by the scorching sun. These carriers are not always so honest as they might be, for besides levying contributions on the freight they bear, they frequently sell it along the road, supplying the deficiency by the addition of a little water, which explains the otherwise mysterious fact of a cask, say of Velletri, leaving the vineyard strong, and with what connoisseurs call "plenty of body," and arriving in Rome a considerably weaker fluid!

GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

## *The King's Visit.*

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### THE INTRODUCTION.

ALL the dwellers in our England in the fifteenth century cannot, it is now computed, have exceeded a poor two million or so of souls. It is a very small number in our eyes, so small, that we can easily in thought assemble all the English world of that day together in a place, and look upon it as upon one great crowd. From a distance first of all it will be well to look, finding but a great white sea of human faces; then closer, passing in and out among them, noting it may be with irrational surprise, how cheerfully the life-blood flows, how cheeks are red and eyes sparkling; hearing the loud murmur of the talk, the roar of laughter; watching men's beards wagging at the board. And in spite of the smallness of their numbers, the relative smallness, we shall leave them with the assurance that we have there a strong deep breath even in the long life-day of Humanity, a full throb in the great heart beating of the past.

It was a restless and a feverish stream of life that beat through our England then; the poison-germs of disease still lingered in the blood, the name of the Black Death was still a chilling horror. Cold, sickening fear had a part in that life which it has lost altogether in ours. *Murder* in their ears had a ghastly, not tragic sound, bringing the thought of a dripping knife and a wicked face at the window. Our quiet hedgerows and country lanes were haunts of fear in those days, where pale death stalked at noon-day; they knew the scent borne down on the wind that told of death and corruption, they knew the sight of a gaping corpse by the roadway, of homesteads charred and deserted and the smell of burning corn. Each farm was a fortress where the master by special statute of Parliament might use the terrible cross-bow against strangers, though the long-bow only was lawful for beasts of the chase. And no one would have been so incautious as to

approach the house at night-time, because of the great dogs kept ready to tear and maul the intruder.

The voice of that day, as it comes down to us, is certainly a voice of restlessness and sorrow. The restlessness we can trace clearly enough in the buildings it has left us, in their tortured roofs and windows, in their writhing abundance of ornament; in the parti-coloured garments again, in which even grave lawyers were decked; in a troubled history of faction and civil discord. The suffering cry it is not quite so easy to hear, yet it remains for us if we will seek it. In the volumes of the Early English Text Society we shall find it clear enough coming down to us in a language hard to read, written with *thorns* and *wens* in uncouth metres. Hard to read and harder still for the men of our day to understand, for that grief and weariness sought comfort in a place where our world does not go much—under the Rood and at the feet of the Sorrowful Mother.

Scattered up and down the land stood the monasteries, the solemn monasteries; they stretched forth over the swirling tide of life like the strong bridge over a river breaking the flood with its stable piers. Very peaceful shelters they must have seemed to the weary in that unquiet day. We need not wonder that the great ones of the earth loved to sojourn in them on occasion, so that the fine rooms built for the accommodation of these guests became a reproach to the brethren, a reproach from which good Bishop Peacock is at great pains to defend them. We need not wonder that parents desired for their little ones a life in that grave world of the cloister, away from the noisy jangle of secular affairs. "Here we have a noisy, unquiet world," cries a voice from out the two millions, and the unrest must have seemed the more distressing from the solemn presence of monasticism by which it dwelt. "Solemn" is the word used of the monasteries by the man whose will destroyed them, and it would seem best to express their influence on the life of the people at large. The difference between temporal and eternal has seldom found better expression than in those mediæval towns that grew up round the monasteries,—the little sordid houses grouped about the great grey church. Even to-day the contrast is often striking;—what must it have been when dwellings were far more lowly, to men to whom the church was in literal truth the dwelling of God Incarnate, whose Heaven was just above the stars, who saw

in the shooting of meteors at night the wings flashing of angelic messengers?

But, so the last three centuries assure us, the unquiet dissolute spirit had crept into the cloister too, and for all their outward majesty these great houses were become but whited sepulchres. We are learning, very gradually, how gross and cruel a lie has been spoken in those words. That there was unrest within the cloister no one disputes; there was sickness, but it was not unto death. The *ethos* of the place was undestroyed, the few unworthy may not in justice blind us to the multitude of faithful witnesses. From the scanty numbers who a century later chose to abandon their vocation at the call of the despoiler, we may have certainty that in the main the tide of life flowed well.

And at the worst the strength was great enough to bear that outward majesty, that solemn pomp of ritual which, if we have eyes to see and hearts to understand, is the mightiest expression of high mystery the wit of man has devised, a glory and a triumph of worship that must enrich and ennoble all who can behold and enter into it. And that age could understand it well. Many things that we have they were the poorer for, but this at least they had, and let us be glad that they had it, even if for many in our own day it has gone.

For though they seem a long way off—almost like the fossil skeletons of another order of beings, a certain writer puts it—the distance shrinks or expands with our way of measuring it. By the endless voids of time the structure of the earth reveals, the men of that age seem of yesterday, and all mankind huddled together in one tiny corner of space and time. Surely we may profitably use these overwhelming eons to draw the men of history closer to us. We shall be the richer by our own broadened sympathies if we can do so, if we can feel as a reality our fellowship with the past. And the task does not seem difficult; to us at least of all who kneel with them at the same altar, and speak in prayer the very words they uttered.

And thus imposingly we introduce a very humble drama; with a blazon and flourish of trumpets, so to speak, where it may be, a grating scrannel-pipe had better served.

I.

"The soul of a good monk should be like his cloister," once said the holy Abbot Baldwin of St. Edmundsbury, "for as the



great sun shineth in the midst thereof, giving light to the brethren in their labours, so in the good monk's soul the light of God's grace shineth, giving worth and seemliness to all he doeth." The simile was much admired alike for its truth and piety; perhaps a little the more fervently admired in that it came from the Lord Abbot. It was at once given a Latin rendering and inscribed in the monastic chronicle under the heading of *aurea dicta*. The poet of the house turned it into a very neat acrostic, in which the initial letter of each line, read downwards, formed the Abbot's name. The Magister Scholæ gave it as a writing-lesson to his scholars so frequently, that many of them in the end came to be somewhat wearied of this characteristic of the good man's soul. But the saying became inscribed in a more enduring way in the hearts of the more thoughtful brethren, and long after that holy Abbot had gone to his reward, this his image lived for them and came back again and again with new and solemn meanings, when the grey arches of the cloister were flooded with the warm rose-light of summer evenings, or echoed under a lurid sky to the terrible roll of thunder.

Among those of a later generation who with pain and weariness had committed the Abbot's aphorism to writing many hundred times, was a certain Roger of the Schola Puerorum, a child of the abbey, one whom his pious parents had devoted to the service of God from his earliest years. The Master of Schools, a monk of great method, had the practice of classing all his scholars under one of the four temperaments of Galen the Physician, as choleric that is to say, or sanguine, phlegmatic or melancholic. Some of them in this respect gave him great trouble, presenting strange combinations of all four with but little that was definite. But with Roger he had no difficulty; at the very first glance at his small serious face and dark eyes he went into the melancholic group. "God hath given thee much black bile, child Roger," the master would often say, and though he was severe with Roger, he gave him none the less great trusts and charges, being somewhat of a melancholic turn himself.

One of these charges was the important office of seeing to the good order of the furniture in the cloister school, that the desks and benches and coffer were in their right places, and the hay, that covered the bleak stone pavement, neatly and decently arranged. It was an office greatly to be coveted, for

apart from the fact that its holder might on occasion visit the hayward's barn and so procure that a comfortable heap of hay should be placed beneath his own desk—a thing very grateful to chilly feet in winter—it gave him very great weight in the school. At every meeting of the boys' chapter one of the most dreadful parts was when the master, who presided, solemnly demanded whose desk had been found displaced, or defiled by vile ink-stains. Then would Roger step forward and modestly but unhesitatingly denounce the culprit. Ink was by far the most frequent cause of offence, and here Roger's administrative ability showed itself very clearly. He would not report every insignificant speck—the cunningest penman may have a sputtering quill—but he took as standard of measurement the breadth of his thumb. Did the blot exceed that member by a hair, as certain was the offender to hear the *Angelus* as to hear about that blot, and to his cost, for the master had great confidence in Roger.

Never, indeed, had the school been kept in better order than during Roger's period of office; and this was all the more remarkable in that, being small of stature, he lacked the physical force possessed by some of his predecessors, which enabled them to thump the heads of offenders summarily, a much pleasanter way of securing order than the regulation method of reporting. Indeed Roger's youth and diminutive size had been objected against him when the appointment was made, but the master stood firm. "*Consummatus in brevi*," he said convincingly, having great faith in the power of Latin to render a quotation apt.

Now one thing in the school in which Roger certainly took a modest pride, was the magnificent polish he gave to the old oak desks. They shone, as the master once said admiringly, "like a garnish of pewter plates." And this he was able to do because he was not content, as most boys would have been, with the polishing material supplied by the Cancellarius (who used to say he did his best, but could not create polish out of ditch water and shavings, as sub-Prior seemed to suppose). No, he went to Master William, the old bailiff of the monastery, and the head of all the large train of its servants, a fine old man in a leathern jerkin with a pitch-fork and a white beard. Master William knew a man in the town, a leech and learned in herbs, who sold a wonderful preparation, and he would always manage to get some for Roger, being a very kind and obliging person to any one connected with the house. Roger liked these

unofficial ways of getting things, they made him feel his superiority to the unenlightened plodders who could not see the two roads to the fair.

He never applied the preparation in public, partly to avoid impertinent questions, that old leech having rather a doubtful character in the matter of sorcery, partly because he loved above everything a little mystery, and some of the silly little ones in the school were quite ready to believe he had supernatural aid in producing so rapidly a most excellent polish on the desks. There even went about a rumour that he was making his own desk lid into a magic mirror, and indeed, if we must tell the truth, when only very young and impressionable boys were by, he would sometimes stare fixedly into it, or make a grimace and pass his hand rapidly before his face, all of which had no other object than to heighten the idea.

The school was in the most retired part of the cloister, and the cloister at its quietest was a miracle of peace and rest. Nothing that savoured of earth could be seen from it, nothing but the deep shadowed green of the grass and the sombre walls and the purity-white and blue of the clouds and sky. It was so quiet it seemed like a resting-place on the way to Heaven, one very near the last turn of the road that brings the Holy City full in sight.

Now Roger's lot was cast in the days when King Henry VI., of pious memory, ruled the realm of England, and of all the years in that troubled reign even an unlettered person would have known to expect something especial from the year 1433, having so many threes and as good as a five in it. On an autumn evening of this year Roger was polishing in the cloister and *he* certainly was in a very restless and uneasy frame of mind. No one was there but himself, but instead of getting on with his work, he kept leaving it to look up anxiously at the whirling sky. It was a gusty afternoon, and now and then the wind would carry in a leaf or two right over the roof of the cloister, as though to seek there shelter from the stormy world outside.

"He that hateth his broder is a morderer," he said suddenly to himself or to the sky. The great grey arches went sweeping away all round him and he seemed a very small black dot in the midst of them.

"*Et cruciabitur igne,*" said Brother Roger, "*et sulphure in conspectu angelorum.*" What availeth it though I pray, so I fear

not the dreadful hell. 'Twere but a silly labour to pray," he whispered sadly. He was trying to frighten himself.

He returned with a sigh to his occupation of rubbing the desks. But his eyes were continually wandering off in the direction of the great aumbry of books that stood in a recess by itself. At last he went to it and rubbed its door over with minute care, and then stood and looked at it. "'Twere a thing right jeopardous and fearful," he said to himself, and opened the door a little way. The orderly white rows and the odour of learning that came from them seemed to frighten him; for he closed the door hastily and returned to the desks again.

He had scarcely done so when a noise at the further end of the cloister made him start and prick up his ears like an attentive terrier. It was unmistakably the sound of a voice in the distance, an unheard of and very interesting irregularity at that hour of the day. Brother Roger tucked his hands, polishing rag and all, under his gown, and strained every faculty to listen.

The big door at the end opened with a great clanging of locks, that echoed right away down the cloister, and a noisy grating that seemed like pain in that quiet place. "Oh! beware how ye go, good fellows, have a great care of my lord's gear," said the voice in anxious undertones, while its owner appeared walking backwards like a chamberlain. "'Twere a very great disworship to my Lord Abbot, 'twere a great and importable loss, should ye do it hurt. I had liever ye were dead, good fellows, I had liever ye were dead."

Brother Roger recognized now the voice and the lengthy figure of Master John the Precentor. And this to some extent explained the mystery, for Master John Lydgate could do things not expedient for ordinary men. Still to talk in the cloister at such an hour and to bring strange men into it was a straining of privilege even for Master John.

And the persons to whom his exhortation was addressed were two common working-men of the town, and they bore on their backs the object of his solicitude in the shape of a huge roll of scarlet cloth. They were bending almost double under their burden, breathing heavily and slouching in their walk, scuffling up the hay of the floor with their feet. Master John carefully directed their course, keeping one hand always on the bale. He had on large horn spectacles and was anxiously peering through them on either side, as though the passage were

very strait and difficult, whereas it was wide enough for a dozen to walk abreast.

Now for Brother Roger all the King's Majesty of England was personified in that bale. It brought with it a sort of atmosphere of dissipation; of times when rules were suspended and bells left off ringing at the proper hour. He stood gazing at it with big round eyes, experiencing a most delightful sense of irresponsibility, of being freed from every-day restraints and obligations by its revolutionary presence.

It was not long before Master John caught sight of him. "Child," he said at once, "hasten to open the door. Oh! child, make speed, 'tis a service ye may do, child, for the King our sovereign lord." Naturally Brother Roger hurried at once to obey, and when he had placed the door wide open, stood leaning against it, keeping his eyes fixed on the scarlet bale. It fascinated him with its magnificence.

But scarlet is the colour of sin, and its influence upon this small son of St. Benedict was scarcely a good one. No sooner had the door closed behind Master John, and his voice died away in the distance, than he went to the aumbry of books again and resolutely opened the door.

"Tarrying draweth peril," he said to himself. "That would prove a great unstableness in me if I was conquered." And he drew one of the books from the cupboard and carried it across to where the desks were.

He placed it on one of them that was not his own, and with a pen made a great black smear right across its page. Then, as a refinement of wickedness, he placed some of the dirty hay from the floor in between the leaves, as though the owner of the desk, a person altogether lost to decency, had used such stuff as a marker. He gazed reflectively at his handiwork. "A rewly change," he said, "a rewly rewly change."

He turned away feeling very wicked, and as he did so, a little bird that must have been perched somewhere near fluttered off and disappeared in the great square of light above. A dreadful superstitious thought came to Brother Roger. "It's seen you," said the thought, "it's gone to tell God." He shook his head, but it made him feel very uncomfortable.

He looked across at the book, and the black smear seemed to stand out like a wound. He returned to the desk and looked more closely at the vile disfigurement. And something he saw there made him wheel round quickly with a face ashy pale, as

though an enemy stood behind him. "*Retro, Sathanas,*" he said, quite loud; "this is thy mischief, God knoweth," and he made the sign of the Cross several times in quick succession.

Now this was what had frightened him so much. On the book, which was one of the manuscript grammars each boy in the school had to make for himself, the pious author had written, *Ego sum bonus puer quem Deus amat*, and the defacing smudge had gone right through the *Deus*.

But if the devil thought he was going to get the better of Brother Roger in that way, he was quite mistaken, it rather tended to rouse his fighting instincts. He felt a little flattered, to tell the truth, at receiving such direct attention; and though he looked round nervously, half in fear for a patter of hoofs and sniffing for possible sulphur, he had no thought of moving the book. Still it was not altogether pleasant to think the Enemy was so near and had so keen an eye.

And though no ghostly terror lurked to disturb his soul in the long grey vista of arches, a merely earthly object met his view which banished for the time all less substantial fears. Through the open bays at the other side of the square he caught sight of the figure of a monk slowly making his way along, with downcast eyes and hands clasped together in a truly edifying manner. Yet to Brother Roger, as he watched him appear and disappear at regular intervals behind the pillars, the Enemy himself at that moment would have been almost as welcome and far more manageable. There was always the holy water stoup for him, but this monk was no other than the Master of Schools.

On he came slowly making the round of the cloister, and always with the same modest demeanour and at the same reverent pace. Brother Roger, stricken for a moment with panic, seized the book and was for pushing it back, smudge and all, into the chest. But he paused, partly because the master had wonderful powers of vision for all his downcast eyes, and partly because, being a person of resolute character, he did not love to go back upon his steps.

"'Twere certainly a great unstableness," he said, and leaving the book where it was, marched off to a distant desk.

So when eventually the master rounded the last corner and raised his eyes from the ground, being now in his own domain of the Schola and responsible for its good order, he remarked two exceptional objects, to wit, an open book where no book



should have been, and in the far distance Brother Roger, with his back turned, rubbing a desk with exemplary vigour.

The master coughed significantly, a call would have made too much noise. He coughed again, and Brother Roger, fearing the possible effects of further deafness upon the great man's temper, rose and came to him with an uncomfortable cold feeling in his stomach.

The master pointed with a terrible gesture at the offending volume. "*Cujus est liber?*" he asked, severely.

Now Brother Roger's powers of conversing in the Latin tongue were not at that date of a remarkably high order, and they more often proved a cause of weeping than of joy to their possessor. Still he felt he could manage this much, and replied with grammatical accuracy and a decent show of reluctance: "*Est liber Fratris Stephani, magister mi.*"

It may have been that this unwonted fluency surprised the Master, or perhaps he did not wish to talk unnecessarily in the cloister. He asked no more questions, at any rate, and with a descriptive gesture, to indicate that his informant might return to his work, he turned and departed.

Brother Roger resumed his polishing operations, and continued them exactly so long as the Master remained in view. Then, placing the oily rag on the top of the desk, to suggest that he had only gone away for a minute or two, he returned to the armatory.

The recess in which the armatory stood was a deep one, and a little wider than the great chest, so that on either side remained a narrow passage. Through this passage a very slender person could just manage to squeeze, and so arrive at the important discovery that behind was a cavity at least a foot or two deep. There were things in that cavern that would have interested some of the most important people in the monastery, even the Abbot himself; but by all except the members of the Schola, its existence had been apparently forgotten. There, for example, lay, shrouded with dust in unhonoured obscurity, the sandal of old Brother Paulinus that he lost so mysteriously the day after complaining to the Abbot of the Schola's behaviour in choir. He had to accuse himself in chapter for the loss of that sandal, and the affair annoyed him considerably. There also was to be found the fine sheet of parchment that disappeared strangely from the Scriptorium (it was intended for Master Lydgate's new poem).

No one guessed that a humble member of the Schola, having by accident upset some ink over it, had in his terror thought wholesale removal the safest course. There were many other objects in the cavern—all the birds' eggs too big to be concealed in the dormitory had to go there—but without a candle (there were some candle-ends, too, from the sacristy, but it was risky to light them) they could not be seen. Under ordinary circumstances, it was scarcely safe to enter the secret place without a faithful Brother at the entrance to give timely notice of danger and to remove the smear the wall left on the explorer's gown. But the present circumstances were by no means ordinary, and Brother Roger, despite the risk, proceeded to squeeze himself into the coveted obscurity.

One great advantage of the place was that you could hear from it everything that went on in the cloister. It was of this Brother Roger was thinking now; there were likely to be interesting events there soon. By peeping cautiously round the corner you could see any one who passed, but not much else, the field of view was so narrow.

He had not been safely established there many minutes before he saw the venerable figure of the master sail majestically by, with Brother Stephen following, like a small boat towed behind. It gave him rather a start, for on the thick hay-covering of the floor it was impossible to hear approaching footsteps. Brother Roger's expectant ear was placed in the very best situation for hearing, but if there were any conversation going on it must have been conducted entirely by signs, for there was a long pause and not a word came.

Then at last the silence was broken, and that by the voice of the master, earnestly raised in prayer. "*Sancte Petre,*" he was saying with great unction and much drawing-out of vowels, "*ora pro nobis,*" and immediately followed a resounding *thwack*.

Brother Roger, in the place of concealment, ground his teeth with vexation. "The Apostles allonely!" he gasped, under his breath; "I had thought he would take it in great displeasure," and then, with sovereign contempt, "I care not a mum of his mouth for the Twelve Apostles."

The seeming profanity of this remark admits of easy explanation. It arose from the overgreat care the master had to train his pupils to habits of piety. To the attainment of this laudable end he had devised many ingenious expedients, and among others, that of reciting some devout exercise while

administering the numerous castigations regarded by the age as an indispensable adjunct to the pursuit of learning. He had a carefully graduated scale. In more prolonged operations he would recite the entire Litany of the Saints, omitting always the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, "for she hath no part in punishment, child," he would say. Sometimes also, in sheer tenderness of heart, he would shorten matters by omitting the doctors or the martyrs. His minimum of brevity was the invocation of the Twelve Apostles, and condemnation to this penalty was therefore regarded as a comparatively trivial affair.

So Brother Roger's heart burned within him with vexation as he heard the master, with grave deliberation and due pause, reciting the familiar list, *Sancte Bar-tho-lo-mæ-e, ora pro nobis ; Sancte Mat-thæ-e*, and so to St. Mathias and the end. He heard the well-worn *disciplina* restored to its resting-place, and having allowed a judicious interval to elapse that the master might get well away, he sidled out from the place of shelter and re-appeared in the cloister.

Brother Stephen was leaning against the chest and trying to comfort his shoulders. "Verily Judas sleepeth not," he said, when he saw Brother Roger. He was purple with the indignation of outraged innocence and forgetful alike of prudence and propriety.

Now Brother Roger was so angry that his only thought in answering was what would annoy Brother Stephen most, so he modestly cast down his eyes and replied, in Latin, as the Rule prescribed :

"*Est tempus silentii, frater*—'Tis silence-time, my Brother."

And then his outraged feelings got the better of him, and sticking his tongue derisively in his cheek, he made a grimace at Brother Stephen, and returned to the polishing.

Now we shall better understand the wrath and exceeding bitterness of Brother Roger, when we have seen how momentous was the enterprise in which he had been engaged and had most lamentably failed.

## II.

On the utas-day of All Hallows, in the year of grace fourteen hundred and thirty-three, the King's herald came to Bury, which was a very great mark of honour for the town. Now to walk a well-shod horse through the cobble-stone streets

of Bury made a loudish clopety-clop, and to trot him raised a clatter that disturbed quite half of the town. But the herald, when he came, pricked through magnificently at a hand gallop, despite the narrowness and the open stalls, striking sparks with a resounding ring of iron hoofs and flinty cobbles. He rode a great white horse, gay with trappings, and he himself, a big man, was in bright scarlet, with the King's arms on his breast in a golden device. And as he rode he looked up at the gables of the houses, leaning back with stiff, proud legs; and with one hand holding aloft a parchment scroll to the narrow streak of sky between the houses, he shouted in a lusty voice: "God save King Harry, my masters! God save the King!" Though the street was lined thick with townsfolk almost in a moment, many only saw the back of him and the parchment scroll, he was gone so quickly. And he rode up to the great door of the monastery and gave a mighty pull to the jangling bell.

"'Tis a messenger from the King's Grace," said Alderman Thomas Chapman, for the assembled crowd's behoof, and Alison, the ale-wife, laughed impertinently. Everyone was gazing down the street or else at Master William, the leather-dresser, clouting publicly the head of his apprentice for not removing the wares in time. By a mischance the royal horse had landed his hoof just there in a puddle of mud and lavishly besprinkled some of the dresser's best hides.

"Let be, Master William," said the alderman, a kindly person; "mayhap the King's person self cometh to Bury ward." A shrewd guess, as it afterwards transpired.

Brother Nicholas, the Brother Cook's assistant of the monastery, had gone that morning to buy some eggs in the town for the comfort of those of the brethren who had lately been let blood. There was always this trouble about eggs at the blood-letting season, for the Obedientiary,—the Custom Book,—of the house obliged the cook to find on the morrow four eggs apiece for all who had been bled, and two apiece on the following day, beat up as a drink to sip. And if they were not perfectly fresh and sweet, there was sure to be trouble about it in chapter.

Brother Nicholas, from the shop-door, saw where the messenger had gone, and he saw the people standing in the street. Being a religious man of the house, the wise and seemly thing would have been to wait a while till the throng had somewhat lessened, or else to have returned by some less public way. But

instead he marched straight down the middle with the eggs in a basket on his arm and eyes modestly cast on the ground, as though he had remarked nothing unusual. He did not look for such a jostling and pushing as the people made all round him, plying him with questions with a sad want of reverence, and actually stopping his way. And when they found he had nothing to tell, they continued to jostle and push, so that by the time he had struggled to the end of the street he was hot and very red in the face from temper, while at least half his eggs were broken or cracked. A just *r  tribution*, as he afterwards repentantly admitted, for having sought the vain applause of men.

In the monastery itself the arrival of the herald naturally made a very great commotion. Abbot Curteys was away at the time, at his manor of Elmswell, but the Prior, in his place, received and read the message with all due circumstance. And before the herald had finished his second cup of wine in the guest-chamber, every monk in the house, except a few of the very old and deaf, knew that the little King had declared his intention of spending his Christmas following with the monks of St. Edmundsbury.

RHYS PRYCE.

*(To be continued.)*

## *Breakers Ahead!*

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THOSE who diligently mark the signs of the times will not find it strange that as the topic of his Lenten pastoral the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has selected the imminent peril lest our children grow up without instruction in the truths of their faith, and without training in its spirit. How near this danger looms before us none can doubt who have eyes to see. The recent Education Act invests the State with powers in this department which are altogether new, transferring to it very much which has hitherto been regarded as the sacred and inalienable right of parents,—and the State means neither more nor less than the majority of those who possess votes. It is only at their good pleasure that those who desire to ensure for their children definite religious instruction of any kind, will be allowed to obtain it in the schools which they are compelled to frequent, and they can obtain it only under galling restrictions. But because they are permitted to obtain it at all, a law which presses grievously upon all who desire for the youthful members of any Christian body the teaching of its own distinctive creed, is denounced by a large and influential section of our countrymen as an outrage on the rights of citizens, and it is openly proclaimed that no stone will be left unturned to snatch from us even the poor modicum of justice which has been granted, and that advantage will be taken of any turn of the political wheel to banish from all schools every semblance of what can be called religious instruction. In the words of his Eminence,

The recent Education Act excludes the presence of every minister of religion and the teaching of every form of definite Christianity from all schools provided out of public funds. It transfers from all Voluntary schools to the State the whole of the secular control, leaving to religion, at least for the present, a certain limited freedom, which the Opposition is still bent on destroying.

Nor is this by any means all. It appears to be taken for granted by almost every one who speaks or writes on the



subject, that Religion is a matter of teaching or instruction alone, and that if a certain number of hours be assigned in which doctrines may be verbally taught like the multiplication-table or the dates of English Sovereigns, or the European capitals, all has been done which any reasonable man can desire. But, as his Eminence again observes :

Knowledge alone is not sufficient to make a good Catholic. Knowledge of the doctrines of revelation,—without reverence, admiration, and love for them,—is of no avail. If the will and affection are turned away from God, no amount of religious knowledge will save us.

This obvious consideration appears to be ignored not only outside of the Church, but by a considerable, and perhaps growing number of her own children, else we should not hear it argued that boys may safely be sent to Protestant Public Schools, inasmuch as they will be sent at intervals to the local priest for instruction. How can it be imagined that even should the instructions they receive be ever so effective, and if they acquire in this fashion a full and thorough knowledge of their creed, the poor youths will have a fair chance of growing up genuine Catholics, living as they must do in all the intimacy of school life with those—whether teachers or comrades—for whom all that the Church teaches is, at best, a gross error, if not an execrable superstition, and in an atmosphere where much that is essential to her moral system is utterly ignored, or even laughed to scorn. The existence of such ideas within and without the fold, lends a terrible significance to the picture thus drawn by the Cardinal of the crisis we have to face :

The question before us is this : Given the present condition of the law, will Christianity continue powerfully to influence the young and form their character ? Or will the continually increasing control of the World in the sphere of education dominate and prevail, to the ultimate destruction of revealed religion as a vital factor in public and private life ? . . .

The task of attaching children to their Religion, so as to make Religion a living force on their after-life, is far more difficult now than it was 300 years ago,—when a greater simplicity of life prevailed, quieter homes, and less of that spirit of independence which has now invaded every family. It is far more difficult than it was even forty years ago.

The State has become School Master, and wields supreme authority. Old methods of teaching are banished or reformed. Substantial

rewards, scholarships, and the highest prizes are held out to all, irrespective of class or creed. Secular education means worldly prosperity. Everything is done to make its steep path easy and agreeable.

Another and more subtle influence at work is the spirit of doubt and unbelief. The shallow knowledge of science and philosophy, which is now popularized, awakens this spirit; and there is a propaganda of rationalism in the cheap press, designedly founded to destroy all belief in the supernatural, far more extensive and pervasive than people generally imagine.

Then there are, actively playing on the passions, the pleasures, excitements, and worldly attractions, that are only too well calculated to carry away unsuspecting youth into the deep but tempestuous current.

The prospect is without question a terrible one, and necessarily suggests the question which follows—

Can we do anything to strengthen the hold of Religion on the young? The world has no right to an exclusive influence.—Can we improve our methods of instruction? The educational State has no monopoly for the improvement of methods.

In reply it is vehemently urged upon the faithful that we must all be up and doing to confront a peril that menaces our very altars and hearths. It is not on the priesthood, nor even on parents, alone that the obligation lies, but on all for whom Faith is the one great reality, and the love of God and their fellow-men more than a name. What is needed is to secure that children shall not only be soundly instructed in the teachings of the Church, but that they shall learn from the whole attitude of their elders in this respect how Religion is to be loved and treasured,—that they should learn to regard this particular branch of instruction not as a lesson imposed on them for reasons which they cannot comprehend, but as something supremely desirable for its own sake, and as a priceless possession which they must strain every nerve to acquire.

Such is, in sum, the call to arms which our Archbishop addresses to his flock.

To put it briefly [he writes]; we must follow the lead of the Church, and strengthen our moral hold and influence on the young, by closely associating the laity with the clergy in their religious training. It must be borne in upon the children from all sides, that it is not merely the clergy—a professional caste—but the parents and the whole people, that are interested in their religious training and instruction. This was the system of St. Charles, of St. Pius V., of

Benedict XIV., and it has become the system of the modern Church. It is little to our credit, if we have not sufficiently stirred ourselves in England in this matter. It will be to the grievous loss of future generations, if we remain indifferent, while the influence of secular education is becoming everywhere more dominant.

The specific methods proposed for giving these recommendations effect we must leave our readers to learn from his Eminence himself, but there cannot be a doubt that if this appeal succeeds, as is to be hoped, in awakening Catholics in general to the gravity and the needs of their present position, it will go very far to meet its dangers. The world has on its side the resources of political power and unstinted wealth,—but, as has been proved a thousand times, there is in the armoury of the Church a weapon far more potent than these—the zeal and spirit of self-sacrifice inspired by Christian charity.

J. G.

## *Flotsam and Jetsam.*

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### **"Penny in the Slot Blessings."**

How is an explanation to be found of the rage at present prevailing for stories to the discredit of the Catholic Church, which appear to be more readily believed in proportion as they are incredible? A choice instance is afforded by the statement made in a recently published work, and confirmed by a letter in so reputable a journal as the *Scotsman*,<sup>1</sup> to the effect that a cinematograph representation of the Pope's progress through the Vatican Gardens, and the bestowal of the Papal benediction, has been declared by the Holy Father to convey his blessing to any one who puts in his coin and sets the machine going, just as though he were actually present when the act represented was performed.

That such an assertion is a ridiculous and offensive calumny should, we might suppose, be evident to any one possessed of common-sense, but since it has been so boldly promulgated we have taken the trouble to make inquiries at head-quarters concerning the foundation upon which it may be supposed to rest, and we are now able to state the facts as follows upon the highest authority.

An American photographer was allowed to "cinematograph" the scene in the Vatican Gardens, as the Holy Father was borne around and stopped to give his blessing to a group of the faithful who had come to receive it, and amongst whom the photographer stood.

In soliciting permission for this privilege, the said photographer gave the most explicit assurances that he would exhibit his pictures only to Catholic, or at least respectful audiences, desirous of realizing such a scene. These engagements he forthwith violated, and made the pictures part of a public exhibition open to all who chose to pay.

<sup>1</sup> January 24, 1903.

The Pope never said any word which could lend the slightest colour to the absurd assertion that he intended such representation to convey any benediction.

It was afterwards declared that, when the cinematographs were exhibited in America, Monsignore, now Cardinal, Martinelli, assured an interviewer that the Pope had attached his blessing to them. We are allowed to declare on the authority of the Cardinal himself that such a statement is an absolute falsehood.

But, as we have said, the story should be its own refutation. As our informant writes, from Rome :

These views have been exhibited in the Corso, at the *Sala Iride*, a permanent cinematograph exhibition (American company, I believe), and elsewhere ; but neither there nor anywhere else has any one been authorized to say or put up in writing that the Pope gave his blessing to the spectators. I have never myself heard that any such announcement has been made at any exhibition in Rome, nor have various laymen whom I have asked heard anything of the kind. It is possible, however, that in some place or other some enterprising exhibitor may have taken upon himself to make the announcement. But it cannot have been credited or much noticed, for we should certainly have heard of the fact. And you may be sure that here few if any would believe such a statement, and most people would laugh and shrug their shoulders at such nonsense, for they know better.

Unfortunately, a large number of our countrymen do not know better, and are led by ingrained prejudice to swallow any absurdity of the sort. And what are we to think of those who, trading on such ignorance and credulity, give currency to such fictions? Can they suppose that they are rendering a service to any reputable cause?

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#### **Biblical Critics and Criticism.**

We have learnt with surprise no less than regret that a meaning has been attributed to our review of M. Loisy's latest publications<sup>1</sup> than which nothing was farther from our thoughts nor, we should have supposed, from the language of our reviewer. While M. Loisy was commended on the score of his labours to awaken the attention of Catholic students to all that goes by

<sup>1</sup> December, 1902.

the name of Higher Criticism, this commendation was explicitly stated to involve no acceptance or approbation of the particular conclusions advocated by him ; and in the one specific instance of which mention was made,—namely, his treatment of the Parables,—dissent was expressed from the view adopted by him.

Finding, however, that we have been understood in some quarters to have identified ourselves by speaking as we did with all the opinions of the books which we reviewed, we feel it due to ourselves to point out,—apart from what has since occurred in the disapproval of one of these books by local ecclesiastical authority, and its consequent withdrawal by the author himself,—that it is, and ever has been our principle to abstain from any such expression of opinion as is thus ascribed to us. To the Holy See, and the Biblical Commission which it has instituted, must be left the decision of the delicate and difficult questions now exercising so many minds, and while, as ordinarily happens in similar cases, the work thus undertaken will be facilitated by the labours of qualified scholars, animated by a proper spirit of reverence towards the Church and her infallible *magisterium*, we feel very strongly that for a journal such as *THE MONTH* to deliver an opinion upon the very points upon which the Papal Commission will have to adjudicate, would be something considerably worse than an impertinence.



## Reviews.

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### I.—THE AGE OF THE FATHERS.<sup>1</sup>

*The Age of the Fathers* appears as a posthumous work of its distinguished author, but before his death the whole had been type-written, and about half of the first volume had been passed through the press. What remained to do in order to complete its publication has been done with the aid of his note-books by the Warden of Keble College, to whom the task was confided by Canon Bright as a dying request. It is therefore entirely his own, except that it lacks those final touches which he might still have added while passing the remainder through the press.

The two centuries covered by this history constitute that great formative age of the Church's life during which, delivered at last from the hands of her pagan persecutors, she was at once called upon to engage in another fierce and long-enduring encounter, with adversaries arising out of her own midst; that age during which under this stress she elaborated her methods of defence, evolved her institutions, and laid the foundations of her system of dogmatic definitions; that age which witnessed the assembling of her first Four Ecumenical Councils, and the careers of the greatest of the Fathers, from St. Athanasius down to St. Leo. It was a period for which Canon Bright felt at all times a special attraction, and he made it the principal study of his life. His earliest published work treated it as a whole, being a *History of the Church from 313 to 451*, and now his last, which is also his most finished work, embodying the results of more than fifty years' reading and reflection, treats the same subject in a like comprehensive manner. What his qualifications were may be judged from his writings, which have gained for him so high a reputation among scholars, but

<sup>1</sup> *The Age of the Fathers.* Being Chapters in the History of the Church during the Fourth and Fifth Centuries. By the late William Bright, D.D. Two Vols. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 24s. net.

Dr. Lock in his Preface gives us an interesting insight into his methods of study. It is somewhat strange to learn from this source that Canon Bright never thought it necessary to make himself well acquainted with German, yet that is more explicable when we remember that as an historian he belonged to the older rather than the modern school. Still, "few scholars of our generation have moved with so much ease among the primary Latin and Greek contemporaneous writers and among the eighteenth century literature of the subject." Moreover, he spared no pains in the collecting of materials which might serve to corroborate and illustrate his positions, and Dr. Lock tells us of more than sixty volumes of note-books, called by him his *Sylva*, containing along with his collected materials the numerous "studies" by which he prepared himself for the volumes he proposed to write.

The author's intention was to make the present volume suitable not so much for students as for popular use, and on that account he has dispensed himself from footnotes and references, and has sought to infuse as much as possible of human interest into the subject—by gathering the story round the lives of the great saints and great heresiarchs, as well as by making plain to ordinary comprehension the vital issues involved in what might otherwise seem the too subtle and too purely speculative controversies then rife. His singular power of thus quickening the dry bones of past controversies is perhaps even more conspicuous in these volumes than in those which preceded them, though few who feel the charm of his method will, as they turn over these fascinating pages, realize the skill and labour implied in the process.

One would like to illustrate this feature in Dr. Bright's method, but in so short a notice it would be impossible, and besides so many are already familiar with it. We may, however, refer, as to splendid instances, to his chapters on the Nicene Council, and on the history of St. Augustine's writings on Pelagianism and the subsidiary controversies in which it involved him.

To turn to another point. Dr. Lock tells us that Canon Bright's manuscript testifies by the successive changes introduced into its text how "there grew in his mind a greater tenderness and charitableness of judgment towards those who opposed the orthodox view, and a greater readiness to credit them with aspects of truth for which they were, however

one-sidedly and wrongly, yet honestly contending." But Dr. Lock adds that "at the same time his indignation against the unfairness of some recent Roman controversialists has perhaps led him to adopt an unduly suspicious and hostile attitude towards the occupants of the See of Rome." In noticing the posthumous work of one for whom we feel so much respect as for the late Canon Bright, we should prefer to use no words of censure, nor indeed are they necessary, for we believe him to have been as incapable of conscious unfairness as the "Roman controversialists" he is said to have had in his mind. Still it is impossible not to observe how an unconscious bias leads him to estimate the words and actions of the Popes by methods which are not historical and are very different from those he employs in other cases. To take an instance, which the above-quoted sentence from the Preface has perhaps in view, he gives in one place an account of the tenets of Jovinian, who denied the superiority of the virgin over the married state, and the value of fasting and abstinence, and who for these errors was condemned by Councils under Pope Siricius and St. Ambrose. Here Dr. Bright, while assenting generally to the propriety of the condemnations, feels it "a duty to say that Jovinian had got hold of one or two great truths, and did not know how to manage and apply them," and at the same time regrets "that it was not characteristic of Siricius, or even of Ambrose, to appreciate the point of view of an opponent who came across the line of cherished feelings."

There is some truth in this comment, but now compare it with the author's comment on another case which seems to afford a good parallel. Cœlestius the Pelagian, who had been condemned at Carthage, came to Rome and presented himself before Pope St. Zosimus. He pleaded that he had been wrongfully condemned at Carthage, and gave in a written statement of his belief, adding that he was prepared to amend it if it should be judged defective by the Apostolic See. The question then raised was not as to the true doctrine on original sin, but as to the personal orthodoxy of Cœlestius, the pith of whose *libellus* was that he believed in the necessity of infant baptism for the remission of sins, but not in the transmission of sin, sin being the fault of will, not of nature. Zosimus questioned him, and asked him if he condemned the opinions imputed to him in the sense in which they had been condemned by Pope

St. Innocent. He replied in the affirmative, and Zosimus was half inclined to believe him to be orthodox in his sentiments, though he kept him waiting till he had inquired further about his antecedents. Accordingly he wrote to the African Bishops telling them of his conduct at Rome and, while inviting them to send him their opinions on his statement at Rome, exhorted them not to be over-ready to condemn a brother. For this he is severely condemned by Canon Bright and set down as half a heretic himself. Yet, although there is no doubt Zosimus was deceived by Cœlestius, might he not feel in regard to the *libellus* of the latter what Canon Bright felt about the theology of Jovinian, namely, that perhaps it was that Cœlestius had got hold of a great truth but did not know how to manage and apply it? In other words, Canon Bright blames Pope Zosimus for doing what he blames Pope Siricius for not doing.

The inconsistency seen in this single comparison pervades the book, and is very noticeable wherever the conduct of the Popes comes under review. That he should lay stress on the small part taken by the See of Rome in the Council of Nicæa is intelligible, but it is undeniable that the Popes had much to do with the Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon, and that their intervention was in no way resented, but on the contrary accepted as a matter of course. Such a general fact needs to be taken into account, and to have its causes adequately explained; but it is no adequate explanation to suggest, as Canon Bright is continually suggesting, that animated by a traditional spirit of usurpation they were ever writing letters in language altogether out of relation with the sentiments of their correspondents, who in turn, treating them as victims of an amiable illusion, met their undue pretensions by courtly evasions.

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2.—THE SCIENCE OF THE SAINTS.<sup>1</sup>

Father Rudolph Meyer, the author of *First Lessons in the Science of the Saints*, tells us in his Preface that it is the first of several volumes which he hopes to publish from time to time. In the course of his life he has been much employed in giving retreats to "priests, religious, seminarians, sodalists, and others,"

<sup>1</sup> *First Lessons in the Science of the Saints.* By R. J. Meyer, S.J. Herder, Freiburg im Breisgau; St. Louis.

and has thought that the fruits of this long practice and experience might make up into useful spiritual books for those who desire to lay a solid foundation of Christian virtue. To judge by this first instalment, they are not to contain points for meditation, but instructions, such as are wont to be given during retreats under the name of Conferences. Thus the present volume has chapters on Human Nature, the Passions, the Subduing of Sensuality Notions true and false, on Humility, Conscience Lax and Scrupulous, the Formation of Character, &c.

Books of this kind are no doubt much wanted by the English-speaking Catholic world of the present day, for we require, and so far possess only in the most rudimentary degree, quite a new literature of guides to the spiritual life by those who have had experience in teaching it. How common it is for a priest to be asked to recommend a book for this purpose, and how difficult it is for him when thus asked to give a satisfactory answer? It is not that there is a deficiency of ascetic works in our libraries. Former generations, especially those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, produced large numbers which are excellent in their way, some of them being real classics, but for two reasons are less suitable for the general run of modern readers. One is because they address themselves too exclusively to Religious, or to those who are treading in the higher paths of perfection. The other lies in the simple fact that they were written for an age which is now passed away. True, the principles of Christian virtue and perfection are the same for all times and places, but the application of principles must be adapted to the subject-matter, that is, in the present instance, to the special tone of mind and circumstance of the souls desiring to take their mould. Out of the greater complication of modern life, new duties, new aspirations, new temptations—or, if we prefer so to style them, new forms of old duties, aspirations, and temptations—have arisen, and the spiritual literature now required is one which can expound to us wisely and recommend to us effectually these new modes of application.

For this reason we cannot quite agree with Father Meyer when, in explaining his method, he says that "it has seemed best to dispense with many practical applications and illustrations which, however profitable to particular classes of persons, are not equally adapted to the general public. What is lost by this omission in point of personal interest, directness, and unction will be gained, it is hoped, in points of usefulness to a large

number of souls." It seems to us that practical applications and illustrations, preceded of course by an exposition of the principles, are *the* thing now wanted, and although being necessarily concrete they cannot refer to all readers, yet all readers can be stimulated by them to discover applications which do fit themselves. However, Father Meyer has not been so rigid in excluding applications as the words quoted might suggest. In particular we may instance the Lessons on Character, which are particularly instructive and practical ; but, indeed, throughout his spirituality is practical and such as a conscientious Catholic anxious to lead a good life according to the ideals of his Church would do well to have constantly by him.

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### 3.—ANARCHIE MORALE ET CRISE SOCIALE.<sup>1</sup>

Those who have read P. Roure's *Doctrines et Problèmes* will have recognized him to be an able exponent and searching critic of the various theories of life about which modern thought is concerned, and he shows himself again to be such in his *Anarchie Morale et Crise Sociale*. The old Christian doctrine, now voted obsolete by so many of the leading thinkers of the age, derives the idea of duty, that is, of moral obligation, from the dependence of man on his Maker. He has placed us here under conditions which impose on us the necessity of avoiding certain actions and performing certain others, if we are to preserve that due order in our lives which becomes beings endowed with natures that are rational, social, and created. Having so made us and placed us, He cannot but command us to conform the exercise of our free wills to this standard of conduct, and it is our mental recognition that we must obey the divine commands, thus manifested to us whether by reflection on the nature of things or by positive revelation, which constitutes for us Christians the sense of duty. But with the rejection of Theism, this basis of moral obligation perishes. On the other hand, the sense of obligation persists in the human heart as an instinct which is not to be suppressed, and requires to be explained.

How then is it to be explained on non-Theistic principles, or, as it is usually put in this country, what is the basis of

<sup>1</sup> *Anarchie Morale et Crise Sociale*. Par Lucien Roure. Paris : Beauchesne et Cie.



Natural Morals? It is a pressing question, much more in France than in England, where the *déracinés*, as M. Maurice Barres has strikingly called them—that is, those whose moral conceptions, being uprooted from their native Christian soil, are withering away and ceasing to exercise a restraint upon the passions—are becoming a social danger so much more than happily is as yet the case in this country. Within the last three or four years, several French writers have offered to the public their discussions of the problem, and the inadequacy of their solutions, together with their hopeless diversity, have made them to be an impressive object-lesson of the prevailing Moral Anarchy and an ominous warning of the Social Crisis to which it is leading on. In a preliminary chapter Père Roure gives a trenchant criticism of these recent publications. Then follow three chapters, forming the heart of the work—which, by the way, retains rather too much the character of its original form as a series of independent articles. Of these chapters two are on Positivist and Idealist Theories of Moral, the two categories to one or other of which all non-Theistic theories are reducible, and the third is on the Christian theory to which he gives the name of the Theory of Order (*Morale de l'Ordre*). Next come chapters on the Nihilism of Tolstoi, and the Quietude of Tolstoi, Count Tolstoi being taken as a concrete illustration of the modern *égarement* in regard to moral science; two chapters on the Socialistic Ideal and its various forms, as illustrations of the Social Crisis; and a final chapter on the Holy See and Christian Democracy.

In approaching his examination of the Positivist and Idealist theories Père Roure lays down the two tests by which every theory of Moral Science must be judged; it must offer an explanation of duty which does not end in destroying the idea altogether, and which is capable of being harmonized with the other truths about human nature. The Positive theory offends against the first of these tests. "Men of science," says M. Berthelot, himself an advocate of Positive Morality, "confine themselves to tracing the actual rules for the practical conduct of life, in Moral and Political Science, as well as in Hygienic and Economical Science." In other words, they confine themselves to deducing by the aid of the experimental sciences the rules which tend to promote the progress of the race—firm in the persuasion that, if at present the egoistic and altruistic impulses in a man's breast often conflict, in course of time with the advance of progress the

two impulses will completely coincide. But what is this, argues Père Roure, save to substitute the idea of what is good for the race and the individual, and what may some day become attractive to it, for the idea of what is imposed upon the individual as an obligation? The Idealist theory is more noble than the other, but it offends no less against the same test by substituting for the idea of what is obligatory the idea of what is desirable, and so destroying the fundamental idea of duty, which is that of compulsion applied to the individual from without. The Idealist theory also offends against the other test by isolating the impulse to do right from the impulse to seek happiness. It is on these lines that Père Roure necessarily works, but in his investigation he submits to an able examination the various endeavours that have been and are being made to patch up theories which are radically unsound.

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4.—A TALE OF THE '98.<sup>1</sup>

This is one of the most appalling and gruesome stories we ever read, and the lurid picture it draws of the great Irish rebellion is unrelieved by any gleam of light. That the state of things in the unfortunate island during the closing years of the eighteenth century, was shocking in the extreme, we have no wish to deny. No doubt a reign of terror largely prevailed, the Government troops, and more especially the yeomanry, freely practised brutal and barbarous outrages on the people, and these in their turn were stung by exasperation to savage reprisals. But Mr. Buckley's manifest *animus* against the dominant party makes us pause before accepting him as a safe guide. Things were bad enough, Heaven knows, but we are loth to believe that, as he assumes throughout, the monstrous flood of evil was deliberately let loose on the country by the diabolical policy of Pitt and Castlereagh, that so they might be enabled to abolish the Irish Parliament and effect the Union. Nor do we see what useful purpose will be served by a book the one result of which must be to inflame old animosities, from the extinction of which alone is any solid benefit to be anticipated.

<sup>1</sup> "Croppies lie down." *A Tale of Ireland in '98.* By William Buckley. London: Duckworth and Co., 1903. Six Shillings.

The book may, indeed, be recommended to such as desire to sup full of horrors, which they will find to their hearts' content. They must, however, make up their minds to be satisfied with a narrative which, if vigorous and graphic, is very confused reading, for unless they are more fortunate than ourselves, beyond a general impression of fighting and killing, of hangings and flogging and "pitch-cappings," of house-burnings and nameless outrages, they will find it hard to form a clear idea of what it is all about, what was the general course of the campaign the history of which is detailed, or what happened in the various combats, assaults, and personal escapades with which the story teems. Most difficult of all do we find it to comprehend exactly what the principal characters did, or how they managed to do it. So too in the lengthy conversations in which a multitude of interlocutors are introduced, each looking at things from a somewhat different point of view, it will be no easy task for any reader to remember who's who, and so to attach to the various utterances their proper significance. It is also to be regretted that, wishing to depict the "loyalist" gentry as heartless and arrogant libertines, the author should have thought it necessary to interlard their speeches to one another with so much grossness and profanity as he puts in their mouths.

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#### 5.—THE STORY OF SIENA.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Edmund Gardner's admirable account of Florence, contributed to Dent's series of *Mediaeval Towns*, has won favourable opinions in almost every quarter. The companion volume on Siena, which the same writer has just published, is in no way inferior in attraction, indeed in the matter of illustrations it seems to us superior to its predecessor. As we remarked in noticing the volume on Florence, Mr. Gardner has created a type of guide-book which ought to remove the stigma which rests upon this class of literature. There is nothing dull or trivial or clap-trap or journalistic or catalogue-like about the writer's treatment of his subject, and yet we have good order combined with abundant and accurate information. The English is delightful. The narrative flows

<sup>1</sup> *The Story of Siena and San Gimignano.* By Edmund G. Gardner. Illustrated by Helen James. London: Dent, 1902.

smoothly and there is a scholarly touch about the criticism as well as a skilful variety in its presentment which makes the book most pleasant to read continuously. At the same time it would undoubtedly be above all appreciated as a volume to carry about in one's pocket amid the scenes which it describes. There is nothing in it to jar upon the æsthetic sense of the most fastidious lover of this typical relic of the Italian middle ages. But we feel we cannot do Mr. Gardner a truer kindness than by allowing him, if only for a brief space, to speak for himself. It is thus, for instance, that he introduces the famous Franciscan, St. Bernardine, to the notice of his readers :

San Bernardino Albizzeschi, born of a noble family in 1380, the year of St. Catherine's death, may be said to have carried on, in part, her work during the first half of this century. A zealous reformer of morals, for forty years this Franciscan friar wandered over Italy from city to city, preaching repentance, healing schisms, rebuking tyrants, stilling the bloody tumults of political factions, reconciling peoples and princes. "He converted and changed the minds and spirits of men marvellously," writes a contemporary, Vespasiano da Bisticci, "a wondrous power he had in persuading men to lay aside their mortal hatreds. He has left his mark upon almost every street of his native city, of which he refused the bishopric. In a place where he had wrought many conversions a maker of dice represented to the Saint that he and his fellow-craftsmen were being reduced to beggary, by reason of his denunciation of gambling. Bernardino bade him make tablets with the letters I.H.S. instead. This devotion to the Divine Name grew apace, above all in Ferrara and Siena ; and when, worn out with his apostolic labours, Bernardino died in 1444 at Aquila, there was hardly a town through which he had passed that had not placed upon its gates and palaces, no less than on the private houses of its citizens, the sacred sign of the Name in which he had overcome the world."

It is in such pleasant wise that Mr. Gardner manifests his sympathy with the religious side of his subject, an aspect in the case of Siena, the city of St. Catherine, which is of exceptional interest to the Catholic reader. Our solitary criticism would be that Mr. Gardner seems to us to bear rather more hardly than is quite necessary upon the action of the Popes in their relations with the factions of Sienese patriots — patriots, by the way, who spent most of their energy in flying at each other's throats.

6.—A HANDBOOK ON THE MASS.<sup>1</sup>

We shall be much surprised if this little book on the *Sacrifice of the Mass* by Father Michael Gavin, S.J., does not achieve a distinct success. Its convenient size, its popular character, its clear printing will attract many who would not have the courage to attack a work of greater erudition. The substance of the volume has been already given to the public in the form of Conferences delivered on Wednesday evenings in Farm Street Church. This fact alone implies a very thorough sifting of materials, and the book is bound to have gained by such a noviceship. With regard to the information imparted, Father Gavin, without pretending to be a professed liturgist, has gone to sound and approved sources of information. Taking it as a whole it shows to considerable advantage when compared with other similar works, often of much greater size, at present accessible in English. We may note in conclusion that the admirable volume of Gihl on this subject, originally printed in German but quoted by Father Gavin from the French translation, has quite recently appeared in America in an English dress. The book, which like the original German is published by Herder, may also be readily obtained in this country.

7.—CARMINA MARIANA.<sup>2</sup>

This, the Second Series of the *Carmina Mariana*, well sustains the reputation of its predecessor as a tribute of love to our Blessed Lady. Running through these pages we find our Holy Mother addressed under every conceivable relation. Sometimes we have poems whose cadence and whose words seem as the echoes of her Litany. The glorious types by which she was prefigured and the loving titles by which she is known form the theme of others of her clients. We also have legends and stories of her shrines, from Nazareth and Ephesus in ages past down to Lourdes in our own days. Countless

<sup>1</sup> *The Sacrifice of the Mass*. An Explanation of its Doctrine, Rubrics, and Prayers. By M. Gavin, S.J. London: Burns and Oates, 1903.

<sup>2</sup> *Carmina Mariana* (Second Series). Anthology in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Edited by Orby Shipley, M.A. Dedicated in memory of John Marquess of Bute. John Griffin, Manresa Press, 1902.

miracles are recounted—miracles of grace and healing and power. Her feasts and her prerogatives are celebrated in pæans of joy and praise. World famous pictures are brought before our minds by the magic word-painting of reverent writers. And ever recurring we have the root-theme, simplest and best of all, the subject of the Sinless Virgin and her Son, the Son of God.

We have space for only one quotation, and let it be on this subject, the Motherhood of our Lady.

TO THE "UNKNOWN MADONNA" AT PERUGIA.

BY RENNELL RODD.<sup>1</sup>

I know that Picture's meaning—the unknown,  
Called "School of Umbria"; it stands alone;  
Those prayerful fingers never worked to fame—  
A master's hand, though silence keep his name.  
But for the meaning, gaze awhile and plain  
The thought he worked inwards to life again:

if I

Could paint just one such picture ere I die,  
Make one thought everlasting, I would choose  
His theme, the Mother and the Child, and use  
A face as sweet as this was; in the Child  
Reflect its beauty, only undefiled  
Of pain and sorrow and knowledge, and would set  
Both in a garden that is lilyed yet  
With beds her own hands tended, and enclose  
All in a girdle of the hills she chose  
Of earth's fair homes to dwell in, keeping so  
The tender fragrance of dead years ago.

I would not change these few square feet for halls  
Of Ghirlandajo, for the magic walls  
Of this your Cambio—I would rather keep  
My silent record of his nameless sleep,  
Dream back his story through the long blank years—  
Believe those lilies once were dewed with tears.

It would be a great pleasure if all that we have to say could be cast in the same strain of eulogy; but we must do our duty even when it is distasteful. There are passages to which we take qualified objection (*i.e.*, always keeping in view the scope of the *Carmina*), coming under two categories. The first class is that wherein a reference to our Lady occurs in some poem that deals with a purely secular subject. In many of these cases it seems to us that the extract quoted is much too lengthy and that it would be better to give a shorter citation or else

<sup>1</sup> P. 398.



ruthlessly to exclude such pieces from an Anthology in honour of Mary.

The second class to which we have tried in vain to reconcile ourselves consists of poems which are supposed to have a mystical or allegorical relation to the Queen of Heaven, including those compendiously referred to as Tudor love-songs. If such pieces as "Spring"<sup>1</sup> and "Madonna Mia"<sup>2</sup> (beautiful though they be in themselves) are included in this collection, one may wonder why no place is found for passages from the ancient classics (in praise of, say Demeter or Persephone) which lie ready to hand rendered into excellent English. As to the Tudor love-songs, we suggest that they are out of place. We venture to think that our Lady is better pleased with a posy of primroses that come to her straight from the hedgerow than with a bouquet of exotics brought second-hand from some grand social function.

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#### 8.—A SOUL APART.<sup>3</sup>

We fear that by the pronouncedly Catholic atmosphere of her latest novel and by the favour shown to the almost ideally perfect nuns and priests therein introduced to us, Miss Adeline Sergeant is likely to forfeit something of her popularity with the general reader. It would be most ungracious, however, in a periodical conducted by Religious, not to thank the gifted authoress for her discerning sympathy with a cause that has few friends. The ideals of the spiritual life too often meet with a very different treatment in works of fiction. Moreover, it is always a boon to have a Catholic novel by so experienced a writer which one can put into the hands of young girls with the conviction that they will take no harm, but rather gain moral benefit from its perusal. Miss Sergeant, despite a word here and there which might be questioned by the hypercritical, shows that she has thoroughly assimilated the spirit of Catholic devotion. Whether the innermost workings of grace in the development of a religious vocation can be quite satisfactorily discussed in the pages of a novel, is a point upon which we have our doubts. But in any case the story is an interesting one and the characters vigorous and

<sup>1</sup> P. 6.      <sup>2</sup> P. 300.

<sup>3</sup> *A Soul Apart*. A Novel. By Adeline Sergeant. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1902.

true to life. Our principal criticism would be that the author's reflections and her dialogue are sometimes presented to us with a simple directness which is a little lacking in art. But Miss Sergeant has won her spurs as a novelist long ago, and we can only rejoice at the proof which the present volume affords, that she wishes to make use of her talents for the glory of God and indirectly also for the service of His Church.

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9.—THE TALISMAN.<sup>1</sup>

Even in a country where there is no restraining copyright in titles, an author should beware of selecting such a one as the above, for genius claims a copyright of its own quite independent of all legislation, and the infringement of this cannot fail to be disastrous. There is, moreover, the inevitable inconvenience of comparisons which it is not the part of prudence to invite.

Apart from its title, the story before us is well suited for the young readers, for whom it is designed. The hero is a boy of the class more familiar in such tales than in actual life, who with the temper natural to his years, unites the sound principles of a man. He and his widowed mother, living as Catholics in the midst of New England Puritans, have to keep their religion utterly dark, and only when he is fourteen does the son ever see a priest, and that for a few weeks. From him, besides instruction by which he profits marvellously, the youth receives the "talisman" on which the story turns, "a curiously wrought reliquary of red cornelian, set about with a rim of gold and containing a holy relic." How this reliquary, which the boy constantly wears exposed on his breast, gets him into peril with the tyrannical English Governor (the tale is extremely patriotic), and how it saves him from far greater danger amongst the red-skins, into whose hands he falls when heroically conveying notice to the town authorities of an impending attack, readers must be left to learn for themselves in our author's pages.

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10.—THE PILKINGTON HEIR.<sup>2</sup>

This is another tale for youthful readers, characterized by the same soundly Catholic spirit, and with a more elaborate plot of more careful workmanship. It too deals with a widowed

<sup>1</sup> *The Talisman.* By Anna T. Sadlier. New York: Benziger, 1903.

<sup>2</sup> Same author and publishers. Six Shillings.

mother and her only son, but the former is young and the latter, an infant, is kidnapped twice over through the machinations of a wicked uncle desirous of his inheritance, with the assistance of a small knot of scoundrels, directed by a female criminal of the first water. Despite the inevitable improbabilities involved in the loss, and still more in the recovery of the heir to a great estate, the story is well told and will doubtless find favour with the class of readers for whom it is intended.

The author would do well to give more attention to historical accuracy. The scene is laid in the years between 1815 and 1830, but many of the details are evidently supplied from our own day. Thus we have a "Great World Show," with elephants, and "freaks," and flaming posters, making the tour of the Old and New World in the manner of Barnum; we have "Scotland Yard" spoken of as the recognized synonym for the London detective force; and we have a London street arab, who is one of the troupe, talking the most up-to-date cockney slang, and speaking familiarly of "spooks." We must also say a word on behalf of that much enduring class of words, the Relatives. The difficulties attending the use of "and who" have not been fully mastered by the writer, and still more flagrant is such a solecism as this—"Pierette, whom it must be owned, was giddy at times."

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## II.—SOME RECENT MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.<sup>1</sup>

The Office of Vespers presents great difficulties to church musicians, especially to organists. An acquaintance with the old Gregorian Modes, a knowledge of harmony, an ability to transpose, are demanded of the accompanist; he must also be able to read Latin fluently. Many a well-trained organist who has played his first Mass to the satisfaction of his employers comes utterly to grief in the afternoon or evening when he essays the Vespers. He is puzzled in the first place by the order of the service; he experiences a difficulty in "finding his way about" in the Vesperale; having played an antiphon he may have to search in another part of the book for the words

<sup>1</sup> *Votive Vespers and Compline.* Harmonized for Four Voices and Organ by A. Edmonds Tozer, Mus. D., Oxon. London: Cary and Co., 231, Oxford Street. New York: J. Fischer and Brothers, 7 and 11, Bible House.

*Organ or Harmonium Accompaniment to A. Rösler's Hymn-book "Psallite."* Edited by Ludwig Bonvin, S.J. St. Louis, Mo., 1901. Published by B. Herder, 17, South Broadway.

to the psalms, and if his attention is thereupon fixed on them, as it should be, he must know the tones by heart. Weeks, months, will probably pass before he has acquired the art of accompanying the psalms smoothly. We are on debatable ground when we consider the question, "How should the Plain Song be harmonized?" "No sevenths, no suspensions," the adherents of one school will cry, and perhaps add, "No passing-notes." This seems to us to be an extreme view; but the harmony should undoubtedly be simple. Many organists exercise their skill in performing florid passages with the right hand while their left progresses with the stately chant; a ridiculous practice that may be likened to the act of putting a Lincoln and Bennett's hat upon a man in armour. Attempts have been made to meet some of the difficulties we have enumerated. The Plain Chant of the Vespers and Compline have been put into modern notation and harmonized by several English musicians, but their work for the most part has been unsatisfactory or incomplete, and has gone out of print. A demand, therefore, has arisen for such a book as that we have placed at the head of this notice. It is a most useful work, a model of clearness. Beginning with the Vespers of Sunday, and then going on to the Vespers of the Blessed Sacrament, the Vespers of the Blessed Virgin, and Compline, Dr. Tozer conducts us through the Offices, continuing the words and music line by line across two pages throughout the book, the psalms being "pointed" and the words being printed under the tunes. The harmony, if a little severe, is sound and admirably preserves the "flow" of the chant. We recommend the book to organists and choirmasters, and have only one suggestion to make to the author, namely, that in the event of another edition being called for, he might vary the harmonies to the psalm tunes. This would detract a little from the clearness of his pages, but it would be a boon to many organists.

Rösler's hymn-book, "*Psallite*" is, we think, unknown in England. The tunes, which apparently have been collected from various sources, are for the most part superior to those that have obtained popularity among us, and they have been appropriately set to harmony by Father Bonvin, S.J., and others.

## *Literary Record.*

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### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

*The Ulster Journal of Archæology* (M'Caw, Stevenson, and Orr, Belfast) is no less remarkable than usual for the variety and interest of its contents. In particular may be specified the "Notes on Stone axes," Lord Belmore's "Parliamentary Memoranda of bygone days," and some very curious information regarding "Presbyterian Communion Tokens." It might perhaps be objected that there is rather too much concerning Hugh O'Neill of the Red Hand, Earl of Tyrone, with whom no less than three several articles are concerned, and still more that in one of them, which occupies the place of honour, the writer, whilst speaking with just severity of Mr. Froude's inaccuracies, makes certain statements himself which are calculated to startle historical students. Thus he speaks of the illegitimate son of Henry VIII. as the Earl of Southampton, instead of the Duke of Richmond, and says that the King endeavoured to secure the throne for him, an assertion for which it will not be easy to produce evidence.

*The Whole Difference*, by Lady Amabel Kerr (Sands and Co.), is an excellent story which appeared in these columns. For our readers, therefore, a review is not necessary, but only a reminder that under the title of *One Woman's Work* it told the story of a mixed marriage, and how its evil effects were to some extent counteracted by the firmness of one young girl.

Messrs. Benziger continue their Round Table Series, and this time give us one of Representative German Catholic Novelists. They have been fortunate in their selection which includes writers like Otto von Schaching, Karl Domanig, Dr. Hermann Cardauns, Father Spillmann, S.J., Frau Giehl, Frau Jüngst, and others. To the stories are prefixed short accounts of the authors' lives, in which one notices that German ladies, unlike English ladies, are willing to give the dates of their birth.

From the Catholic Truth Society we have received Nos. 2, 3, and 4 of the Series *Virgin Saints of the Benedictine Order*, by O.S.B., viz., *An English Royal Family of the Seventh Century* (St. Werburg and her relations), *St. Gertrude "the Great,"* and *St. Mechtilde*. Also *The Nunc Dimittis*, a homiletic Commentary, by the Rev. E. English, and *Short Devotions for the Stations*. Each of these various publications is issued for one penny.

*Do unto me* (C.T.S.) is one of Miss Dobrée's series of stories. This time she chooses the Corporal Works of Mercy for her theme. The C.T.S. also sends four *Lectures on Catholic Art* by Miss V. M. Crawford. They are arranged for use with the magic lantern, in the hope that by this means something may be done to train our people, especially our young people, to a sounder artistic taste and a better appreciation of what the inspiration of the Catholic Faith has done for art. These four lectures are on Giotto, Fra Angelico, The Renaissance, and The Umbrian School. Father Bede Camm, O.S.B., also contributes the materials for a magic lantern lecture on Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More. Other C.T.S. tracts recently published are St. Philip Neri, St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Stanislaus Kostka.

## II.—MAGAZINES.

*Some contents of foreign Periodicals :*

LES ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES. (February 5 and 20.)

The Chaumié Bill against freedom of teaching. *R. de Scorraille*.

The Faculty of Medicine at Beyrout. *Dr. de Brun*.

Père Amiot and the French Mission in Peking. *C. de*

*Rochemonteix*. The last Avignon Pope. *J. Doisé*. The

Career of our Young Men. *M. Blanchard*. The new

Educational Legislation in England. *J. Boubée*. The

Condemnation of M. Loisy's book *L'Évangile et l'Église*.

*J. Brucker*. Reviews, &c.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (February.)

Thoughts on the Compiling of Saints' Lives. *M. Meschler*.

A. L. Cauchy. *C. Kneller*. Permanence or Degeneration.

*E. Wasmann*. The logical Consequences of Evolution.

*V. Cathrein*. The Congressional Library at Washington.

*R. Schwickerath*. Reviews, &c.



## BESSARIONE. (December, 1902.)

The Musical Instruments of the Bible. The Greek Church.  
The Quarrel of the Wretched Alealish. The Rumenian  
Church.

## RAZÓN Y FE. (February.)

The Spaniards at the Council of Trent. *A. Astrain*. The  
Balsam for Holy Chrism. *M. C. O.* Civilization and the  
Latin Races. *L. Murillo*. The Marquess of Mora.  
*L. Coloma*. Paraguay at the Present Day. *P. Hernandez*.  
Reviews, &c.

## THE (AMERICAN) ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW. (February.)

The Name of the Church. Scholasticism and the Modern  
Method. *V. M'Nabb*. The Work and Scope of Propa-  
ganda. *Dr. J. Frevi*. The Apostolic Authorship of the  
Symbol. *Dr. A. MacDonald*. Reviews, &c.

## L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (February 15th.)

The Illusions of an Impressionable Man—Henri de Virien.  
*Henri Beaune*. The Holy Shroud and the theories of  
Science. *A. Donnadien*. A Neo-Christian Novel. *Abbé*  
*Delfour*. The early life of Montalembert. *C. de Lajudie*.  
Dante Alighieri. *P. Fontaine*. Recent Books on Holy  
Scripture. *E. Jacquier*. Reviews, &c.

## REVUE DU CLERGÉ FRANÇAIS. (February.)

Truth and Life. *G. de Pascal*. The Breviary of Rouen.  
*E. Vacandard*. The History of the French Catechism.  
*Abbé Hézard*. Current Theology. *V. Ermoni*. Our Rights  
in the Matter of Education. *J. Bricout*. The Breviary and  
Critical Scholarship. *P. Lejay*. The Annunciation in  
Art. *F. Martin*. Documents, Reviews, &c.

## LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (February 7 and 21.)

Italians in the Statistics of Regicide. Trades Unions. Notes  
on Patrology. The Twenty-Five Years Pontificate of  
Leo XIII. The Bible and the older Criticism. The  
Martyrs of the Early Centuries. Books in the time of  
Gregory the Great, an Archæological Study.

